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SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

A Sporting Paper; devoted to the Turf, the Ring, the Angler, the Hunter---News, Literature, Fashion, Taste, the Drama, and the Scenes of Real Life.

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EPICURIANISM

We bless our stars that a knowledge of the art of cookery does not constitute any part of our acquirements. We are so thoroughly convinced *a priori* of the disgusting character of its secrets, and the impurity of its details, that we are quite sure a more intimate acquaintance with them would have embittered our existence, and have destroyed forever the usual healthy tone of our stomach. We make it a point therefore, uniformly, to lull our suspicions, and to discuss any savoury dish that may be placed before us, without asking any questions about its ingredients. It is really much more agreeable to be allowed to mistake a stewed cat for a rabbit, than to be made *post factum*, accessaries to the deception. When we have finished our sallad, we are by no means anxious to receive any proof, however clear, that it was seasoned with a preparation of Whale's blubber instead of Florence oil, and we should consider ourself under a very trifling obligation to any "devilish good natured friend" who should take the trouble of demonstrating that the tongue, which gives so pleasant a relish to our breakfast, had been recently abstracted from the jaws of some distempered poodle. Misfortunes of this kind, it is impossible for human sagacity to prevent, while they are perhaps too grievous for human patience to bear. Our best refuge, therefore, is our ignorance, and when that alone constitutes our happiness, surely we must agree with the poet, that it is folly to be wise.

The very perusal of the letter below, independent of the melancholy catastrophe with which it closes, is enough to throw any man into the blue devils for a fortnight.

MY DEAR MR. PORTER,—I much fear this is the last letter you will ever receive from your old friend. "I am wearing away, boy, to the land o' the leal!" and that, too, under the influence of a complication of disorders, which have been undermining my constitution (originally a sound one) for upwards of half a century. Look to yourself, my much respected lad, and think no more of your rheumatism. That, believe me, is a mere trifle—but think of what you have been doing, since 18—, (in that year were you born,) in the eating and drinking way, and tremble. I know, my dear Bill, that you never were a gormandizer, not a sot; neither surely was I; but it matters not,—the most abstemious of us all have gone through fearful trials, and I have not skill in figures to cast up the poisonous contents of my hapless stomach for nearly three score years. You would not know me now: I had not the slightest suspicion of myself in the looking glass this morning. Such a face! so wan and woe begone! No such person drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night, or could have told him half his Troy was burned.

Well—hear me come to the point. I remember now perfectly well that I have been out of sorts all my life-time; and the causes of my continual illness have this day been revealed to me. May my melancholy fate be a warning to you, and all your dear contributors, a set of men whom the world could ill spare at this crisis. Mr. Editor, *I have been poisoned!*

You must know that I became personally acquainted, a few weeks ago, quite accidentally, with that distinguished Chemist and Lecturer so well known in our metropolis. He volunteered a visit to me at breakfast, last Thursday, and I accepted him. Just as I had poured out the first cup of tea, and was extending it graciously towards him, he looked at me, and with a low, hoarse, husky voice, like Mr. Farren's in the Apothecary, asked me if I were not excessively ill? I had not had the least suspicion of being so—but there was a terrible something in the Doctor's face which told me I was a dead woman. I immediately got up—to ring the bell for a clergyman but I fainted away. On awaking from my swoon I beheld the chemist still staring with his fateful eyes, and croaking out, half in soliloquy, half in *tete-a-tete*, "There is not a life in New-York worth ten year's purchase." I implored him to speak plainly, and for God's sake not to look at me so piteously,—and plainly enough he did then speak to be sure, "*Miss Spinster, you are poisoned!*"

"Who," cried I out convulsively, "who has perpetrated the foul deed? On whose guilty head will lie my innocent blood? Has it been from motives of private revenge? Speak, Mr. —— speak! Have you any proofs of a conspiracy?" "Yes, Madam, I have proofs, damning proofs. Your wine-merchant, your brewer, your baker, your confectioner, your grocer, aye, your very butcher are in league against you; and Miss Spinster, *you are poisoned!*" When, oh! when was the fatal dose administered? Would an emetic be of no avail? Could you not administer a ——?" But here my voice was choked, and nothing was audible, Mr. Porter, but the sighs and sobs of your poor Spinster.

At last I became more composed, and Mr. —— asked me what was, in general, the first thing I did on rising from my bed in the morning. Alas! I felt that there was no time for delicacy, and I told him at once, that it was to take off a bumper of brandy for a complaint in my stomach. He asked to look at the bottle. I brought it forth from the press—that tall, square, tower like bottle, Mr. Porter, so green to the eye and smooth to the grasp. You know the bottle well, it belonged to my mother before me. He put it to his nose—he poured out a driblet into a tea spoon as cautiously as if it had been Prussic acid; he tasted it, and again repeated these terrible words, "*Miss Spinster, you are poisoned!*" It has, he continued "a peculiarly disagreeable smell, like the breath of habitual drunkards." Oh, thought I, has it come to this! The smell ever seemed to my unsuspecting soul most fragrant and delicious! The doctor then told me, that the liquor I had been innocently drinking every morn for thirty years was not brandy at all, but a vile distillation of West-India molasses, over wine-lees, rectified over quick lime, and mixed with saw-dust. And this a sad, solitary, unsuspecting maiden has been imbibing as brandy for so many years! A gloom of comfort now shot across my brain. I told Mr. —— that I had, during my whole life, been in the habit of taking a smallish glass of Hollands before going to bed; which I fain hoped might have the effect of counteracting the bad effects of the forgery that had been committed against me. I produced the bottle—the white globular one, you know. Mr. —— tried and tasted, and alas! instead of Hollands, he pronounced it vile malt spirit, fined by a solution of sub acetate of lead, and then a solution of alum, and strengthened with grains of Paradise, Guinea pepper, capsicum, and other acrid and aromatic substances. These are learned words—but they made a terrible impression on my memory. The Dr. is a most amiable man. I well believe—but he is a stranger to pity. "*Miss Spinster, you have been poisoned!*" was all he would utter. Had the Brandy and Hollands been genuine there would have been no harm—but they were *thickening*, and "*you are poisoned!*"

Feeling myself very faint, I asked, naturally enough, for a woman in my situation, for a glass of wine. It was brought—but the Dr. was at hand to snatch the deadly draught from my lips. He tasted what used to be called my genuine old Port,

> And in the sewel of Heaven his face
> Grew black as he was sipping.

"It is spoiled elder wine, rendered astringent by oak wood, saw dust, and the husks of filberts, lead and arsenic, madam, are," —but my ears tingled and I heard no more. I confess to the amount of six glasses a day of this hellish liquor—pardon my warmth—and that such had been my allowance for many years. My thirst was now intolerable, and I beseeched a glass of beer. It came, and the Doctor detected at once the murderous designs of the brewer. Cocculus indicus, Spanish juice, hartshorn shavings, coperas, opium, tobacco, nux vomica, such were the shocking words he kept repeating to himself, and then again, "*Miss Spinster is poisoned!*"

"May I not have a single cup of tea," I asked imploringly, and the chemist shook his head. He then opened the tea-caddy, and emptying its contests, rubbed my best green tea betwixt his hard horny palms, "Sloe leaves, madam, colored with Dutch pink, and with the fine green bloom of verdigris! Much, in the course of your regular life, you must have swallowed!" "Might I try the coffee?" Oh! Mr. Porter, Mr. Porter, you know my age, and never once during my whole existence have I tasted coffee. I have been deluded by peas and beans, sand, gravel, and vegetable powders. The Doctor called it sham coffee, most infamous stuff, and unfit for human food! Alas! the day that I was born! In despair I asked for a glass of water, and just as the sparkling beverage was about to touch my pale quivering lips, my friend, for I must call him so, in spite of every thing, interfered, and tasting it, spurted it out of his mouth, with a most alarming countenance. "It comes out of a lead cistern—it is a deadly poison!" Here I threw myself on my knees before this inexorable man, and cried "Doctor, doctor, is there in heaven, on earth, or the waters under the earth, any one particle of matter that is not impregnated with death? What means this desperate mockery? For mercy's sake give me the very smallest piece of bread and cheese, or I can support myself no longer. Are we or are we not to have a morsel of breakfast this day?" He cut off about an inch long piece of that identical cheese that you yourself chose for me, and declared that it had been rendered most poisonous by the material used to color it. "There is here, Miss Spinster, a quantity of red lead. Have you, madam, never experienced, after devouring half a pound of this cheese, an indescribable pain in the region of the abdomen and of the stomach, accompanied with a feeling of tension, which occasioned much restlessness, anxiety, and repugnance to food? Have you never felt after a Welsh rabbit of it, a very violent cholic?" "Yes, yes—often, often," I exclaimed. "And did you use pepper and mustard?" "I did even so." "Let me see the castors." I rose from my knees and brought them out. He pulled out a little pepper into the palm of his hand, and went on as usual: "this, madam is spurious pepper altogether—it is made up of oil-cakes, (the residue of linseed, from which the oil has been pressed) common clay, and perhaps a small portion of Cayenne pepper (itself probably artificial or adulterated) to make it pungent. But now for the mustard:" at this juncture the servant maid came in, and I told her that I was poisoned. She set up a prodigious scream, and the Doctor let fall the mustard pot on the carpet. But it is needless for me to prolong the shocking narrative. They assisted me to get into bed, from which I never expect more to rise. My eyes have been opened and I see the horror of my situation. I now remember the most excruciating cholic, and divers other pangs, which I thought nothing of at the time, but which must have been the effect of the deleterious solids and liquids which I was daily introducing into my stomach. It appears that I have never, so much as once, rather cut or drank a real thing—that is a thing being what it pretended to be. Oh! the weight of lead and copper that has passed down my throat! Oh! too, the gravel and sand! But it is impossible to deceive me now. Henceforth, I shall not allow one particle of matter to descend into my stomach! Already I feel myself "of the earth Earthy." The Dr seldom leaves my bedside—and yesterday brought with him several eatables and drinkables, which he assured me he had analyzed, subjected to the test act, and found them to be harmless. But I have no trust in chemistry. His quarter-loaf looked like a chip cut off the corner of a stone block. It was a mouthful of *sham-loaf*. After being deluded in my Hollands, oft in my brandy, and having found my muffins a mockery, never more shall I be thrown off my guard. I am waxing weaker and weaker.—so farewell! Bewitching indeed has been the destiny of

SUSANNA SPINSTER.

P. S. I have opened my mistress's letter to add, that she would wait neither for comet nor cholera, but died this evening about quarter past eight, in great agony.

SALLY TROLLOP.

ENGLISH NEWS.—By the arrival at this port on Tuesday morning of the Packet ship HIBERNIA, Capt. Allen, from Liverpool whence she sailed on the 28th, we have received Liverpool dates to the 28th and London to the 27th of March. The general news will be found on our second page. The London "Town," "Figaro," and "Bell's Life in London," are unusually interesting, which will account for our copious extracts under head of *Sporting Varieties*.

For the Spirit of the Times and Life in New York.

TO MARY.

'Tis not thy beauty, lady, first or most,
That penetrates the eye of him who gazes,
Of all the times my heart's been won or lost,
(On recollection their amount amazes)
I could be sworn more beauty never cost
Me much in phrensy—no, nor even in phrazes—
Some more inconstancies my heart repose
The proud set to of dozens of crack belles.

There is a certain haughty conscious swim
O' th' eye, an artful dropping of the lid,
Which says, I'll easily make an end of him,
Or, looks (tis all the same) as if it did,
For me, I'm full of self will to be brim,
I never fancy doing as I'm bid;
Sometimes store as if I were struck dumb,
But that's pure malice—judge the merest bum.

Impute it not to vanity that I
Should think such engines have been mov'd on me;
I never suspect that gentle dame's sigh
For Anderson's self—whatever strides I see—
Tooth-ache for bad dreams I've had good bye:
They do not fit a quiz of nine times three,
Which I was young they scorn'd me being poor—
I can't be gull'd in age, though flatter'd more.

No—by no means; as some old crafty trout,
At leisure fattening in his deep clear pool,
When some green angler plays his fly at out,
Observes the bright deceit all calm and cool,
And never dreams of stretching forth his snout,
Like your young gaping, gormandizing fool;
So I'm sliest, since I've been twenty-six,
My heart's as dull and gloomy as the Styx.

Grant me, I pray you, grant me a reprieve,
Dear loving lady, pity a poor man,
And give him for sweet charity, your leave
To dwindle out his natural sized span
In his own way—to smoke an hour at eve
In quiet over his solitary cann,
To pour his eyes out if he has a mind,
And creep to bed just when he feels inclin'd.

It is not ordinal x that creed of yours.
That without woman, comfort there is none.
I don't deny your company has lures
For finest—the sweetest lures beneath the sun,
But time for all things is the best of cures,
And habit, now (my course so nearly run)
I promise you has reconciled me quite
To be alone by day, still more by night.

L.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

From Papers &c. received at this Office.

[From the American Sporting Magazine.]

THE DEVIL AMONGST THE—DUKES.—A party went by the Steam-boat last month, with six couple of hounds to Spesutie Island. In three days hunting they killed nineteen foxes. They had never been molested, and had got so fat on the crippled ducks that at night retired to sit some distance from the shore, and on the ground mice, rabbits, and other game, and now and then a fat barn yard turkey or goose, abounding on the Island, that they could not run—they were quickly blown and so gave up the chase.

The old bachelors on the Island have decreed an annual festival in honor of timid speculation in their favor, to Providence and Robert Parker. So when Christmas day, of the destruction of the Spanish Armada, having just eaten the quarters of a large fat roasted goose, and swigging strong beer out of a quart pewter mug—she swore, by all the powers, she would ever after dine on roast goose on that day in the year. Hence, in King's Art of Cookery, page 463, we may read:

"As Stubble goose of Michaelmas are seen,
Upon the spot, next May produce green."

BEAR HUNTING.—The Belfast (Me.) Advocate mentions that at Blue Hill, four boys, the oldest of which was fourteen years old, lately went into the woods for some sport, and met a bear. They fired a pistol at him, loaded with shot, and then gave chase; they pursued him half a mile, and finally knocked him down with clubs, and cut his throat with a jack knife!

Charles Bailey in Haddam, on the 3rd ult. killed in one burrow, sixty nine black snakes, measuring from three to six feet in length.

An otter was killed on the 9th inst. about two miles from Hartford (Ct) weighing 23 lbs: his skin was valued at $9. It was the first animal of the kind that had been seen in that vicinity for forty years.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—On Friday, the 2d instant (at the Inclosure, Battersea,) sixteen subscribers shot at six pigeons each, twenty-one yards (one chain) for a valuable horse. At the end of the round there were six ties, each having scored four; they then shot at two each and Mr. Williams was the winner, having killed all his birds.—*Bell's Life in London.*

CANINE FANCY.—The match between the Yorkshire dog Silk and the Phenomenon Turpin, on Thursday, proved, as we anticipated, a high treat. At starting, Silk was a decided favorite, and was at last backed at four to one. Turpin, however, proved himself nothing but a pumkin, and at one time changed the odds two to one on his side. After a severe struggle, Silk again "turned the tables," and at length, in two hours, was proclaimed the conqueror. Turpin being dead beat. Roche seconded the winner. The speculations on the event were tolerably heavy. On Tuesday next the Bloomsbury dog and Roche's dog Billy contend at 22 lbs. each for ten sovereigns a side. Harry Green will second the Bloomsbury dog. *B.*

The whist match at Epsom on Thursday night, between Messrs. Gardiner and Wilson on one side, and two Gentlemen of Epsom on the other, was won by the former, after some remarkably fine play, by the odd game out of eleven. The betting was heavy. *B.*

STOCKTON COCKING.—At this Meeting, last week, there was an excellent muster of sporting gentlemen, amongst whom we noticed some of the most respectable of the three counties. There was a famous show of cocks of the true English breed, and the fighting was better than has been for many years in this part of the country. The mains were well contested—Bagnal won two offers, after hard fighting and good generalship; Reed also won a fifty in grand style. The rest of the mains were won by Taylor, Shafto-Stuart, Willoughby, and Thompson, in a very gallant manner. Each feeder brought his birds to the set in prime condition, and were highly praised for their experience and good order. The Gentlemen's Subscription Main of a hundred guineas for the next meeting was nearly all filled up, and abundance of cocks are expected for the fifteen and other mains, which will prove a great treat to all lovers of the sad. *B.*

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—Mr. Robert Robinson of Moor How, Cartmel Fel, lately walked from his own house to Liverpool in one day, a distance of seventy-eight miles! *Mr. R. is nearly sixty years of age!* *B.*

We were sorry to see and to hear on Friday of Saturday last, several young lads shooting small birds—pulling away at robins, blue birds, tom tits, and the like. This is small work at best; but in the spring, when they we just commencing house-keeping, it is out of character.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.—Last week, a shooting match, which excited considerable interest, took place near Chalk Hall; when, from the whole number of 11 birds which left the trap, *only two* escaped the *dreadful lovers!* No sad aspirants to Chalk Farm!—*Kent Herald.*

In Goochland county, Va. lately, two bald-eagles were killed by a negro boy. They were first discovered by him in the air, engaged in a desperate contest; and descending to the ground, they continued their combat so fiercely, that he seized them and wrung their necks.

SINGULAR FEAT.—A Glasgow gentleman lately, for a bet of half a mutchkin of brandy, undertook and performed the following curious feat:—He held at arm's length, in one hand, for a period of twenty minutes, a boddler with a toddy ladle in it, and thus won the bet in the presence, and to the astonishment, of a large number of the fancy, the whole of whom considered the performance of the feat next to impossible. This undertaking may seem at first sight, easy; but let any man try it, and he will find the reverse to be the case! To hold out the arm, with or anything in it, for fifteen minutes, is a very difficult feat.

A cotemporary, in "Notes to correspondents," says: "In answer to M. we reply: it is none of your business." What a snapping turtle!

A GOOSE GUN.—A country farmer told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days shooting, that he once had so excellent a gun that it went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged. "How the deuce is that?" said his friend. "Why," replied the farmer, "because the thief carried it off: and what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it."

WONDERFUL.—A "double and twisted" kitten has been exhibited at Norfolk, Va. having one head, a double tongue, four ears, eight legs, two ladies, and a long and a short tail."

GAMBLING.—It is said that in a certain section of the country, the favorite gambling amusement is *kicking skins for a pint of rum!* "Rare sport I 'faith!"

AUDUBON'S splendid work on Ornithology has been liberally patronized at the South. The four volumes cost eight hundred dollars.

EQUINE FIGHT.—Easton, (Penn) April 13. On Saturday last our citizens were amused at a sporting match which took place in the Square. While the Columbia and Phœnix engines were playing at the spire of the Court House, they by some means or other got their branch pipes elevated to such an angle as exactly to sprinkle each other very handsomely. Instead of cooling their mettle as might have been expected this only seemed to increase it, for in a few minutes the branch pipes were levelled—and as the engines were not more than forty feet apart, it was pretty sharp work—at the first dash the hats flew in all directions—the recreants fled the bodies—the real patriots, dividing at every pore sought to fit it pools; in a few minutes however, both engines were silenced. As the victory is claimed by both parties, we do not pretend to award the palm. In all probability, having had a taste of the fun, they will try it again.

The New Bedford Mercury says the Post office in that town has been removed *one foot one inch, in an easterly direction.*

"Gentlemen," said the drill sergeant, at a dinner party given to his men, in the early part of the late war, "I'll give you a toast—May the Bradley Volunteers, whom I have the honor to address, be the terror of the world."

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—In a fashionable novel the author says—Lady Emma trembled, grew pale, and immediately *fainted*. The printer putting *p* instead of *f*, rendered—the Lady grew pale and immediately *painted*.

(Concluded from No. 18.)

SUNDRY MISERIES AND THE MISERY OF "SUNDRIES."

Little did I think, Mr. Editor, that the detail of miseries, which I addressed to you last week, and am now about to continue, would become the subject of much original criticism, but so it is, and I have been doomed to hear my own literary merits and demerits discussed, with great animadversion and learning by critics who little suspected the presence of the culprit author.—One very sagacious sportsman shrewdly observes that "*a bag* of shot was too much, in the ratio of 5 or 6 to 1, for the pound of powder which I had provided for its propulsion." To this, my answer is, that *bags* of shot, like *pieces of cheese*, are of various dimensions, and that I wrote in *sporting*, and not in mercantile language. Another *matter of fact gentleman* objected that my translations of the Latin quotations were in many instances very incorrect illustrating his remark by assuring his astounded auditors that "*puppet*," in the quoted passage of Virgil, signified "*ships*," or "*vessels*," and not "*puppies*," as erroneously "done into English" by your humble servant. To this learned Theban I beg to observe, that there are two *species* of the Latin tongue, the one veiled the classic or Roman, and the other the *canine* or *dog* Latin, and that I supposed the poet had adopted the idiom of the latter.

I will not fatigue your readers by recounting all the discomforts of the two rainy days which succeeded my last mentioned misfortune, during which I remained weather-bound, with no companion but Juvenal and Ponto, in the dirty parlor of a dirty country tavern. On the third day the deluge ceased and I prepared to take the field. My gun rested on my right shoulder; its muzzle, projecting horizontally about two feet six inches beyond my *vertebræ*, and, as I turned suddenly to quit the room, described a circle of five feet diameter; within the circumference unfortunately hung an old fashioned mirror, which, the moment it formed a *tangent*, was shattered to atoms.—"There are ten dollars gone" thought I, knowing that accidents of this kind are always dearly paid for; however, without waiting to settle the point with the landlord I sallied forth. For six long hours did I and Ponto toil over hill and dale, through field and swamp, but the rain had scatt'red the birds, and we toiled in vain. At length Ponto chanced to spring a covey of half feeded partridges, one of which imprudently perched upon a cedar immediately over his head. A brook, which the recent showers had swelled into a river, not, however, more than four yards wide separated me from my destined victim: I cautiously approached, took a murderous aim and inflicted instant death. Ponto who was fond of game, seized it as it fell, and ere I could find a spot where the stream was passable, devoured the whole except the head and wings; these I collected and was triumphantly surveying, when Ponto made a desperate effort to regain the fragments, as I proudly held them aloft, and placing his fore paws upon my unresisting pantaloons, which I have observed were of slight texture, tore a rent in each side of them, from hip to knee.

"Oh dire misfortune—Oh severe decree."—PHOCION.

The accident was, in every sense of the word, irreparable. I had no other trowsers with me, save my very best, but recollecting Virgil's advice,

"Tu ne cede malis, sed, contra audentior ito."

Yield not to evils, but become more bold.

I cut two twigs from a neighboring willow, skewered the severed parts together, as well as I could, and thus returned to my quarters in decent though in sorry plight. Anxious to divest myself of my wet and torn habiliments, I called for the bootjack and immediately commenced dismantling operations. My sodden boots, however, were determined to illustrate the principles of cohesion and the doctrine of resistance. Though by no means *water tight*, the water held them so *tightly* to my legs that they long resisted every attempt to separate them. One at length yielded to a desperate effort, but not exactly as I wished for its sole was actually separated from its body, and assumed the appearance of Ponto's best pounded tongue; with horror I surveyed the rents and several stitches, which somewhat resembled the teeth of a hardwork d comb, surrounded my *bare nullities*, by a piece of twine, near the hocker looking claws. Having, in a great measure lost my *understandings*, I became desperate, and with my penknife ripped from my legs all that remained of my ill fated boots which had become, like Thompson's Celadon and Amelia, "*a matchless pair.*" I now retired to my bed chamber to complete my toilet, and on opening my valise, discovered an error, of which I had been guilty, in not having provided a second pair of woollen socks; my silk ones were my only resources; these I carefully unfolded and found, on drawing one of them over my right foot that an aperture, unseen before at the extremity admitted free egress to my largest toe; I tried it on the left side and still a great toe was protruded. I cannot philosophically account for this phenomenon; whether the hole attracts the great toe, or the great toe the hole, I know not, but it is an indisputible fact as any one afflicted with a cancel as seamstress can practically prove, that when there is an opening in the foot of sock or stocking, as Tommy Moore would say or sing,

"You may change, you may vary the fact as you will,
But the nail of the great toe will peep through it still."

As the chambermaid and I, for reasons that shall be nameless, were on bad terms, I did not choose to request the assistance of her needle, and as my shoe would conceal the defect I determined to wear the *holy* sock. Having arrayed myself "all in my best," I descended to the bar room, where I swallowed the oldest cordial record'd in history, to wit, a *cock tail*, which was placed on the shelves of every house in the city of Babylon, as is proved by Ovid, who says,

"Cocktibus nunquam rex sese Semiramis urbem."

Which means, and I defy the before mentioned critic to gainsay the translation, that "Every house in Babylon was surrounded with *cocktails*."

Ill fed of sporting trowsers and lowliness, all my prospects were clouded, and it only remained for me to return to Boston as soon as possible. Luckily the Worcester Accommodation only solicitated passengers in my predicament thrice a week, and the following day, being Friday when it travels westward, I was compelled to remain where I was until the succeeding Saturday. At about 6 o'clock P. M. on the first mentioned day, as I was poring over the pages of Juvenal, a boy hastily entered my apartment saying he had just seen two woodcocks in a cornfield which adjoined the garden of the inn. Flesh and blood of sportsman could not resist such a temptation, and imagine the thinness of my shoes, my silken socks and spotless pantaloons. I seized my gun and "followed to the field." And a most pitiful field it was; however, I hastened to the spot where my game had, as he said "marked the game." "There they go!" exclaimed he, pointing to two *woodpeckers*, which our approach had scared from a neighbouring apple tree. In the rage of disappointment, I could have immolated the ignorant rascal upon the spot, but shame or *mischance*, saved him: for, at the moment my indignation was breaking out, Ponto actually flushed a genuine woodcock which flew, straight as a line, from n.e. and just as he was topping the boundary wall, I pulled my trigger. I felt that it was impossible to miss so fair a shot; indeed, such was my confidence in my skill that I was always convinced every bird I fired at was numbered with the dead, but, somehow or another, they generally fell among thorns or brambles and neither I nor Ponto could reclaim them. Intent only upon rescuing my present supposed victim from canine jaws, I rushed forward, heedless of a quagmire, into which I plunged one of my legs up to the knee, and, when I extricated it, my shoe was missing; nevertheless I hurried on, and being young and active, leaped the wall, but fell on the other side where, "Horror of horrors,"

> "Offendit nasum subito putorious ater,
> Et tetro vestes et cuctera tacdat odore."
> (A filthy savage, around vile odors threw,
> My Jacket and best etceterus too.)

Alas, it was even so! the cursed animal was basking in the sun, and as I alighted upon its pestiferous carcass, the effect was as above poetically described. Ponto came to my assistance and shared my fate. The offender was instantly slain but his dying curse was *entailed* upon us. The grass being high I sought in vain for the wounded bird. Disappointed, chagrined, and almost suffocated with *sleek perfume*, I skulked back to my apartment, in my passage to which, through the bar room, methought every one scented *much* my misfortune. In vain was soap and water applied to remove the indelible stain;

> 'Quæ semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
> 'Testa diu.' HORACE.
>
> Clothes once so stain'd shall long retain the smell.
> ANON.

I could as soon have washed out the effects of the logwood and nutgalls with which my pantaloons were dyed and in despair gave up the hopeless task. In addition to other miseries the hole in my silk socks had now become an "*hiatus maxime deflendus* through which not only my great toe but "*my little ones*" passed abreast; thy whole, which I had carelessly cast into a corner, on the preceeding day, were still wet and dirty from their recent service; they were however soon dried, rubbed and made fit for duty, when my torn silks and mending shoe were exchanged for them and my brown slippers. Never shall I forget the horrors of that evening; every one shunned me as if I had been afflicted with the *cholera* until I called for my bill, saying I should be off early on the following morning by the accommodation stage, when the landlord made his appearance and holding his handkerchief to his nose with one hand, presented what I required with the other, bowed and scudily retired—I cast my eyes over the fatal scroll and read, with dire alarm, the following charges.

Board and lodging as per agreement	5 00
Damages to looking glass, basin &c.	15 00
"*Sundries*"	10 00
Total	$30 00

Rec'd pay'mt.

"Sundries ten dollars" exclaimed I indignantly as I violently rung the little brass *tintenabulum* which stood upon the table. I had only taken at the bar two glasses of grog the *cocktail* and eighteen or twenty flat nose cigars. What in the name of honesty could this charge mean? when I put this question to mine host he coolly replied that "he never kept any account of such small matters but charged them *in the lump*." "And a devlish large lump you have made of three glasses and a score of cigars," said I—"We pay a high rent and must make something in an honest way, the charge, I guess is about right," returned he: I was well nigh choked with rage but conscious insolvency, that soother of pride and fee, chained my tongue. I had started with only five and twenty dollars in my purse; of these two had been expended on my journey and my return fare was still to be paid, making a deficiency of at least nine dollars. I felt the necessity of a compromise and fairly stated my predicament to which the civil landlord kindly consented to accept twenty dollars provided I left my gun as security for the balance. I had no alternative and was forced to yield. Should Mr. Editor, the legal faculties now assembled favorably perpend under cover of "*Sundries*" is a crying evil and I can no imagine how any honest man can reconcile the practice to his conscience. It may be difficult to keep an exact amount of every and trifling cigar and other small matters which may be called for at the bar of an hotel, but it surely is not just to charge more than a thousand per cent advance for an accommodation which is mutual, as I *know*, is often done by some of our most respectable tavern keepers who will I hope take a hint or I may perhaps hereafter, be more particular.

At about 8 o'clock on the following morning the stage stopped at the door; luckily there was a vacant place, and, having secured Ponto on the coach box which was already occupied by a countryman and the coachman I entered the vehicle. My fellow travellers consisted of "a rude and boisterous captain of the sea" a dandy, three good natured mechanics, a stiff old woman with a large band box on her lap, and two delicate young ladies. Scarcely was I seated when the dandy exclaimed "Egad, I believe—(naming the landlord) has a menagerie of odious animals which I hate to name on his premises!" Every handkerchief, including my own, was instantly unpocketed and appropriately applied. The blood rushed to my cheek and I felt like a conscience stricken culprit, thrusting my head out of the window to conceal my confusion, I anxiously waited till the coachman's whip sounded the signal to advance. We had proceeded about a mile when the sea captain cried out, "By —— I guess this town is manned with skunks! fudges, madam (addressing the old lady) you have a pet one in that ere band box!" The indignant dame locked unutterable disdain and "clasped her *band* box closer to her breast." We now arrived at the inn where Pontos fatal encounter with the kitten had occurred and I shrunk back to conceal myself as much as possible, but the coachman, or his companion, called out, "I say, master, we can't ride any further with this dog, he smells so shockly." "What must he come?" enquired I most beseechingly. "You must leave him here till he is sweet and then I'll take him for you to Boston," replied the coachman. Knowing that if I assented Ponto would certainly be executed for the murder he had committed, I entreated that he might be carried as far as Marlborough, to which, when I candidly explained my reasons, all good naturedly consented. Most fortunately the enemy was absent and Ponto and I escaped detection. The former was accordingly left in charge of the Hostler of Marlborough. My fellow passengers, however, during the remainder of our journey frequently observed that although the cause was removed the effect remained. Alas, I know that both *cause* and *effect* still were present. I need not say how rejoiced I was once more to enter my Boston lodgings. From that moment I resolved to stick to the law and abandon Ponto, gun and the *pleasure* of the chase for ever.

I remain Sir, respectfully yours,
Galaxy. NEHEMIAH NIMROD.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The packet-ship Hiberania, Capt. Allen, which sailed on March 28, from Liverpool, arrived here on Tuesday, and brought London dates to the 27th, and Liverpool to the day of sailing.

The Reform Bill had passed the House of Commons, by a majority of 116; it was brought up to the House of Lords on the 26th of March, and read the first time. The second reading of the bill was ordered for Thursday sen'night.

Some riots took place in London, in Finsbury square, St. Giles, &c. on the last day, the Political Unions having determined to convert the fast into a *feast* day and organized large processions. They were met by the new police, who mustered very strong, and dispersed, not however without difficulty.

In regard to the French expedition to Italy, all we find of any moment is, that Lord Palmerston said in the House of Commons, that Gallois who was Commander of the land and naval forces and therefore responsible for every act of the French troops committed at Ancona, has been recalled.

The Cholera, though increasing, still caused daily less alarm. By a calculation made in the Medical Journal, it appears that the mortality throughout England is not greater in this year than in former years, and the whole number of deaths said to be caused by Cholera during the last four months, is 1927, or little more than two days deaths throughout the country. The disorder has also broken out in Ireland, and this circumstance does not exhibit even a passing remark from the London editors, a strong indication, we think that the Cholera is shorn of many of its terrors in England.

In the East the Cholera frequently falls upon a community like a shower of grape shot. It was decided in the King of Siam's council, on a visitation of this kind, that it might be caused by a monster, who might be scared from the coast by making a terrific noise. His Majesty, in consequence, moved out against the invisible enemy, at the head of 30,000 subjects, all on the stretch to produce sounds of horror. He lost 5,000 in one day, and returned vanquished. A Persian writer says: "We were appalized that the Cholera was at Shiraz, by finding one morning, when we awoke that it had carried off two thousand inhabitants during the night.—*London Medical Journal.*

A grave, but nameless gentleman, has been laboring under an unfortunate mistake in paying his addresses to a young lady, and playing a thousand antics before the parlor windows. He has at last discovered that she lives at the back of the house. We have been favored with the followed lines, by H. Twiss, on this "untoward event:"—

T—— fell in love with a maid,
Each night 'neath her window he stood,
And there with his soft segenade,
He awaken'd the whole neighborhood.

But vainly he tried to arouse
Her sleep, with his strains so bewitching;
While he played in the front of the house—
She slept in the little back kitchen.

The Town.

MARCH OF REFINEMENT.—A well known confectioner at Cambridge was lately requested by an equally well known boot-maker in the same town to send him some ices, as he was going to give a party. The confectioner returned the following laconic reply:—"Mr. L—— never freezes for snobs!" *Ib.*

There is no truth in the report that a certain rich victualler is to be called to the peerage, under the title of Baron of Beef. *Ib.*

The legislature of Pennsylvania, at their last session, passed acts to incorporate the following new banking institutions. Doylestown Bank at Doylestown, Girard Bank in Philadelphia, Manufacturers and Mechanics Bank of the Northern Liberties, in the county of Philadelphia, Moyamensing Bank, in the county of Philadelphia, Western Bank, in the city of Philadelphia, and a branch of the Skuylkill Bank, in Port Carbon, Skuylkill county.

BEWARE OF A NEW COUNTERFEIT.—On Monday last a large number of counterfeit notes, drawn for five dollars, on the Easton, Pa. Bank, were put in circulation in this city and vicinity. So well are they executed that any person who is not daily in the habit of handling the notes of this bank, would undoubtedly be deceived. They are of the new plate, payable to O. Rice, letter C, dated August 14, 1827, signed J. Sinton, Cashier, Thos. M'Keen, President. The face of Minerva, and the portraits of Franklin and Washington are somewhat deficient, and the engraving is much lighter than the genuine notes.—*Phil. Rep.*

We have this moment had offered at our office a counterfeit $10 note, letter B of the following purport:—"Cashier of the Bank of the United States pay to T. L. Robinson or order, $10. Office of Discount and Deposit, Norfolk, 1st August, 1827. Jos. L. Roberts, Cash. Geo. Newton, Pres." Paper bad, engraving pretty fair, and well calculated to deceive.—*Sulpeder's Reporter.*

SHIP LETTERS.—There were received at the Post Office in this city, from Sunday morning at day light until noon at Monday, *eight thousand five hundred* ship letters. Four thousand and one hundred of the number were brought by the ship Hibernia from Liverpool.

A person in New Albany, (Indiana,) who writes himself Abel Smith, Esq. has announced himself in the West papers, as a Candidate for the Presidency. He declares that if elected, he will redeem the old Continental money by appropriating the public funds to this purpose.

The Governor of Lower Canada, has appointed the 4th day of May next, as a day of public Fasting and Prayer, that heaven would avert from it the Epidemic which is now raging in some parts of Europe.

It is reported that arrangements are now making to restore the old uniform of the U. S. Army in 1776, *blue and buff*. It is supposed the new uniform will be introduced on the 4th of July.

John Smith, a lad of only sixteen years of age has been tried at Buffalo for highway robbery, and sentenced to ten years hard labor in the State prison.

Altogether, this Caravan is of a highly interesting and instructive character, and such as is seldom exhibited to the public.

Our contemporary says—"we ourselves write all our editorial matter"—and considering the general character of his articles, we look upon this as a very frank, and in fact, rather humiliating confession.

A friend of our's says the best conundrum he ever heard, was—why is a pastry cook like an apothecary? Do give it up?—Because he makes pies and things—*pie-sonings.*

CONGRESS.—The House of Representatives is occupied almost entirely with the trial of Gen. Houston. The Senators are talking—but doing nothing.

The Post Master at Norristown, Pa. advertises among the list of letters remaining in his office, one directed "to old Pen Peck, my daddy, from his living son young Pen Peck."

The nett or clear income of the Baltimore Rail-road Company is $360 per day. Stock in the Boston and Lowel Railroad is worth 55 per cent above par.

POLICE REPORTS.

LONDON.

POETRY RIOT.—Mrs. Brown who appeared the week before in the character of complainant against her right-hand-next door neighbor came to the Mansion-house, on Monday last, with a similar charge against her neighbor on the left hand. Mrs. B who appeared as lively as her motions as a parched pea, and with full command of that weapon wielded only with effect by a woman, after opening the matter, hauled in the following paper, which, she said, contained a statement of her case:—

"To the Honorable Lord Mare for the City of London—A groaning statement of the cruel treatment of me Mrs. Brown, whose spirits has been much affected; and who goes in bodily fere of her life. Mrs. Brown have once, more again to apply to the Lord Mare for the city for protection, as I'm so malicious annoyed, the annoyance I have met is men-tioning round my house, pottery made by Bill Townes, which I'll take the liberty to present to your Lordship. My lord, a parson can be hired for 2s. to swear as those men were employed by Mrs. Wayman for to sing the poetry—and were to have a monument of five shillings from her for so doing."

"What is your charge against Mrs. Wayman?" said his Lordship.

Mrs. Brown—I charge her with meeting a conquest of more than a 200 people about my door on Saturday—and obstructing my passage in such a way, that my husband can't get in and out as he used to do. The people stops all day listning to two men as shed paid to sing a song which she'd got wrote on me. Here's a copy, your Lordship, said she, handing in the following doggrel:

"Dr. Rhubarb and Mrs. Sarah Contra-Harvey.
A Cure for the Cholera: or, Dr. Rhubarb and Mrs. Sally Contra-Harvey.

"Oh, have you heard the news of late,
'Bout Mrs. Brown, who's now so great,
She's got a brick and mortar pate,
And she deals in Contra Harvey.

She's got two daughters—Jane and Sally—
And Jenny is a naughty girl:
To you I do the truth now tell,
She bullies all her neighbors well.

A woman, named Mrs K——,
She took to the Mansion house t'other day,
But, ah! she had the coats to pay,
Poor Mrs. Contra-Harvey.

If she'd the cholera in her tongue,
It would stop her mouth up like a bung,
And then there would be lots of fun,
With Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Balls.

"What is the reason, Mrs. Brown," inquired his Lordship, "that you have these disturbances with your neighbors?"

"Why, please your Lordship, I must tell you the truth. When I had a little property left me a few months ago, me and my husband told our neighbors we shouldn't have no more acquaintance with *low* people, because we considered ourselves in quite another dickered sort of *spear*; and ever since they have acted this way, because I can't make 'em my *equals*.

A little charity boy was here brought forward, and pointed out as the author of the verses.

His Lordship inquired of the boy if it were true.

The young bantling of Apollo, who was dressed in leather breeches, and hiding his face behind his muffin-cap, acknowledged that he had perpetrated the poetry in question at the request of the defendant.

His Lordship then asked if he had employed himself before in making verses?

The boy acknowledged, with some reluctance, that it was not his first offence. He added that he was nearly fourteen, and that he was in the charity-school of *Sir John Cass's*.

Mr. Hobler recommended the boy not to employ his talent in future in matters which might prove mischievous.

After a good deal of talk between the complainant and the defendant, which had any other effect than that of elucidating the matter, the Lord Mayor dismissed the charge, observing, as the complainant had not proved her case, she must lose the costs.—*The Times.*

NEW-YORK.

BURGLARY. The Hat Warehouse of Mr. E. Bloomer, 142 Broadway, was broken open on Tuesday night, and property to a considerable amount taken therefrom, consisting of seal skins, hats, silk umbrellas, &c. &c.

PHILADELPHIA.

"Good luck, Judy O'Flanagan,
Dearly she loved mate Looney M'Twoulter."

The next was not so quickly disposed of—He was a carter, named Patrick Mc Guiegal, a real run un, in whose mouth a forte would hardly melt, let him tell the story. He was brought to the office by watchman Tesse, and along with him a most lowing wife named Judy, who was three fourths of the time spoke-woman for her unfortunate husband.

Mr. Tesse stated that he was lighting the lamps last night he saw the prisoner in his cart coming up Pine street, and a watchman came running up saying Patrick had drove his cart up against one of his lamps and demolished it; while they were speaking, crash went another, one of Mr. T's lamps, and he ran and caught the horse by the head, just as another lamp was about sharing its fate. He asked Patrick where he lived, he replied in Fourth street, between Shippen and South. They permitted him to drive on, with the intention of noting his residence, and reporting him. But they were led a wild goose chase, up one street and down another, till he drove off the pavement, when T. sprang into the cart, drove Pat to the watch-house, and put up his cart.

"How came all this great destruction among lamp posts, Patrick?"

Judy—"Bless your Honor, Patrick never broke a lamp-post in his——"

Patrick——"Judy"—my darlin, stop now and let me talk to his worship. I had wan of my fits that I'm subject to, and when I get them I have a dizziness in the head, and then I do many silly things wi how knowing it yer Honor, but I don't believe I broke this gentleman's sign pos—lamp post, at all at all, or if I did it was because I had wan of my fits."

"Don't you think, Patrick, you had taken something else?"

Judy—"Yes that he has your Honor plenty of it."

Patrick—"Houll yer tongue Judy, or by the powers if you don't, I'll make you now! Oh! why yes yer Honor, I had to take a little, have eaten nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the tinod day."

Judy—"Now, Mr. Mayor, it isn't his fault, the dear creature, but the *whiskey* shops, they should be broke up, and punished and not him, for he is as harmless as a scorching pig looking at Patrick] you—why if they'd but you on the top of the head wid the jiller of whiskey, you'd drunken wid your weakness. But Mr. Mayor I can't think you'll punish him this time, considering it is only his first offence. Just make it as light as possible for him and order him promise to lave off drinking, and I'll—I mane my self his fine myself and work my fingers to the bone, but what I'll pay it."

"You've a good natured sensible wife Patrick, and for her sake you shall be discharged."—

Patrick and Judy—"God bless your Honor!"

"Upon paying the fine and the damage you have caused—"

Patrick—"Och murther, but that'll be a hard job."

"Not so hard a one as you imagine Patrick, if you'll only take my advice—save your grog money, and you'll soon pay for it."

Judy—"That he will, your Honor, and I'll allow him three glasses a day in the barrain."

"Why how much do you drink now Patrick?"

Patrick—"Sometimes wan glass, and sometimes——"

Judy—"Don't you believe him your Honor, he drinks eight of them—yes ten sometimes, and—

Patrick—"Hold yer tongue, I tell you, how do you know how much I drink?"

Judy—"Very well yer lady, didn't ye drink three *swigs* yester-morn, afore ye was out yer nest three minutes!"

"Come, come Patrick, how long do you require to pay this fine, &c."

Patrick—(Scratching his head.) "will you give me a month?"

"Yes Patrick give good security that you will pay it in a month's time, or you must go to prison."

Judy—"Och! for the blessed Virgin's sake don't send him there among the thieves and highbinders of the world, and sure and he'd be contaminated if he lies there, [looking at Patrick with a smile.] But ain't ye a nice youth to get yourself and me into such a scrape as this.—Oh! but he's ashamed of it, the dear creature and wad rather be in the river this minit."

One of the police officers told the distressed lady he would assist her, and go security with her, for the amount of the debt. Here Judy's feelings overcame her, and the timely assistance of the "fraud intind" filled her large eyes with tears of joy; and she made several attempts to return thanks, but her heart was too full, she left the office, with her spouse under her arm.

BOSTON.

NEWSPAPER THIEF PINNED.—William F. Curtis was convicted yesterday at the Police office as a common pilferer. He was brought before the bench on a charge of stealing Newspapers. He was a barber at the South End, and contrived to entertain his customers with perfect files of all the daily papers, without any wasteful extravagance on his part: so adroitly did he manage his business, cut so close and shaved so smooth, that although he was never accused of subscribing to any newspapers his shop was well supplied with copies of each that circulated in the neighborhood and his patrons have frequently been fined and taxed to him for the loss of their own.

This establishment flourished "like a green baize horse," and all went smooth as possible, until Mr. Constable Reed received a hint that induced him to make some impertinent inquiries the result of which was, a conviction that the Free Trade System, as conducted by said Curtis, ought to be restricted in its operation. His honor, the Judge consenting, Curtis was translated from his office of News Collector, to that of Yarn Spinner and Oakum Picker in the house of Correction for the period of one month.—*Transcript.*

PROVIDENCE.

A NOVEL "SENTENCE."—The Providence American of Friday, informs the public, that at the "Supreme Court held in East Greenwich," Thomas J. Pepper was convicted of bigamy, and the sentence of the court was, that on Friday, the 27th inst between the hours of 10 and 1 o'clock, *he be placed in the gallows, with a rope about his neck*, that he be imprisoned three months and pay a fine of five dollars."

PORTLAND.

A man named Sears, and two accomplices Harriman and Berry, have been arrested at Portland. Sears having presented the Canal Bank a forged note of $750 for discount, purporting to be signed by Thomas Stone, Richard Gage, and Richard Davis, dated Bridgeton, March 22, payable to Franklin Cobb.

THEATRICAL SPEED.—The public conveyance is now so rapid between Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington that Mr Booth the Tragedian has engaged to play in the respective cities, as follows:

Washington, 25th inst.	Baltimore, 27th.
Philadelphia, 28th	Philadelphia, 28th.

To accomplish the above, he will take the mail stage at Washington on the 25th, after the performance is over, arrive in Baltimore in season to take the morning steam boat for Philadelphia, and arrive there at 4 P. M. on the 28th, perform there that night, and the next morning take the steam boat for Baltimore, perform there that night, and the next morning return again to Philadelphia. During this time Mr B. will have travelled 500 miles, and perform four nights in his most admirable characters. So much for steam and the genius of FULTON.

The Hon. Rufus Choate, member of Congress from Essex South, has made a speech on the Pension Bill, which is spoken of as being a masterly effort. At the close of its delivery, one of the spectators observed, "What will Massachusetts send next?" Probably she will send a "young earthquake."

The following epitaph is engraved on a stone in a country church yard: "Here lies the body of David Young, and all his *posterities* for fifty years backwards."

At Lowell, a watchman, with a club, is stationed in the entry-way of the town house, to prevent the rude insults which have been sometimes offered to females in front of the post-office.

Our neighbor Experiment tells a good story about catching birds with a hook and line. They catch alligators in the same way about the great river Oronoko. A hook and line indeed! Why is one of the little "reptiles" on Red River makes no bones of jumping upon the backs of alligators and biting them up and down the river with rat tails makes for whips.

TASTE AND REFINEMENT.—Mr. Gouffre the Man Monkey, has been exhibiting his extraordinary feats to the citizens of Fincastle Kenawa (Va.) And a certificate said says that in the development of the piece, "The Death of Jocko," Mr. Gouffre's representation of the dying struggles and agonies of the Monkey, equals the last scene of Booth's Richard 3d!!

The humorous Editor of the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette, remarking on the spring weather and the spring dresses, says—"The dresses which the National Gazette of yesterday afternoon, quoted as some what longer, had reached to former dimensions, and we are hence able to add, that flesh colored stockings, with large clocks, are much worn, at least we saw one pair *very* much worn."

Some years ago during the prevalence of the Yellow Fever in this city, an honest Hibernian wrote home to his correspondent in Limerick that one friend Barney, had been very ill with the fever. "Sobeit," writes this simple son of Erin, "that he lay six weeks speechless, in the south of Augus't, and all he ever was water, water!"

The Capitol at Williamsburg, Va. was destroyed by fire on the 30th inst. The Senate Court was in Session at the time. The Judges cleared off as fast as possible—and the Jury very unceremoniously burst out of the room where they were deliberating on a capital case, without waiting for the Sheriff.

The Legislature of Indiana have chartered a company to throw a bridge over the Ohio at Louisville. It is estimated that it will cost 500,000 dollars.

SWIFT SPORT.—Capt. Ebenezer Cundlings of Burlington, Mass. on his under wick dwarf mule ran a mile in 3 1-2 feet under ground, from which he won his wagon, both heels and shoes weighing 52 lbs. mile, measuring 3 feet 2 straddle each and one inches wider. They were all put to death.

The Steamboat News says that it is now said that every fourth full dead of a brute heart, in consequence of her peregrinations by the leg—Verily, she was a sentimental now!!

Grateful for past favors, and the increased patronage of his friends and the public, the subscriber begs leave to announce the arrival of his case of ——— remarkable circumstances ——— suitable for spring and summer wear.

A lunatic being has been lately discharged from an asylum in New Bedford, who had been confined ten months and eight days, for a debt of seven dollars.

A stage coach in passing the saw mill at Silver Creek, near Buffalo, N. Y. a few days since struck against a log that lay within the boundary of the highway, which in the way passengers out it jured him severely. The passing proprietors *exchanged* and recovered $17 damages.

SPRING RACES.

UNION COURSE, L. Island.

THE Spring Races, under the direction of the Messrs. Stewart will take place over the Union Course, on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th days of May next.

1st day. Purse of $200, heats of 2 miles
2d " do. 400 do 1 do.
3d " do. 500 do 1 do.

BROAD ROCK RACES.—At a meeting of the Broad Rock Jockey Club, held in Richmond the 18th of April, 1832, the following Preamble and Resolutions were presented and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The Broad Rock Jockey Club having fixed its standing meeting for the 4th Tuesday in April, for each year, and it appearing to this meeting that the Fourth in Jockey Club recently established, has fixed its time of meeting on the same day as this and it appearing from the representation of the Proprietors of this Course, that he has used every effort to induce the Proprietors of Lunsford to change its time without success; and it moreover appearing that serious injury if not great loss must accrue to the Proprietors of this Course, if his race should come on the same week—*Be it Resolved*, That for this Race the Proprietor shall have the privilege of selecting any day he pleases this spring for his races, (provided he shall not select a day set apart by any Jockey Club) by giving immediate notice of the day so selected.

Be it further Resolved, That as the subscribers of the Sweepstakes for this spring meeting, have prepared their horses for the regular established time, and as advertised, that the Sweepstakes shall take place the Monday preceding the 4th Tuesday in April, (the present month) postponing the Proprietor's and Jockey Club Purses only.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published by the Secretary of the Club, in the Richmond Whig. Passed unanimously.

J. W. WINFREE, Chairman.

BROAD ROCK RACES.

In conformity to the above Resolution, the Sweepstake mile heats—Entrance one hundred dollars, half forfeit, will take place on Monday next, the 23d instant.

Nominations.

1. James Elam enters an Arab filley.
2. Benjamin Moody enters a Gohanna colt.
3. Thomas Grave enters a Gohanna colt.
4. Wm. Newby enters his Gohanna colt.
5. Mark T. Gourley enters his Gohanna colt.
6. John M. Botts enters his Monsieur Tonson colt.

Also, on the same day, a Sweepstake, mile heats—Entrance one hundred dollars, half forfeit.

Nominations.

1. John M. Botts enters s. f. by Gohanna, out of Phillis.
2. Wm R. Johnson enters full brother to Polly Jones.
3. Abner Robinson enters a Florilla filly, by Archie.
4. Thos. Carter enters b. c. by Rattler.
5. James W. Winfree enters his Gohanna colt.
6. Henry King enters b. c. by Cherokee.

Due notice will be given of the regular Spring Races at Broad Rock, for the Proprietor's and Jockey Club Purse, when it is to be done so soon as the day can be ascertained, that will not interfere with any race existing Course.

RACES.

THE Harrods-Ferry and Potomac Jockey Club Races will commence on Wednesday, 30th of May next, when the Club will offer a purse of $100 to be run for by three year old colts, each hoss carried, to pay the sum of $25 to be included in the above purse. Two mile heats. On Thursday, the 31st May, a purse of $150 three mile heats. And on Friday 1st June, a purse of $50, four mile heats.

The above races to be governed by the rules of the Baltimore Central Course, four horses to be entered each day, or no race. The entrance on the night previous to each day's race. The colts to be entered by the 1st May, and named the evening before the race.

Dutchess County Races.

THE Spring Races, over the Dutchess County Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 15th of May, and continue three days.

First day—At 12 o'clock, sweepstakes for three year old colts, one mile heats, for $300 each, $100 forfeit—eight subscribers.

At two o'clock, two mile heats: purse $200.

Second day—At 2 o'clock, three mile heats, purse $300.

Third day—At 2 o'clock, 1 mile heats; purse $300.

Pittsburgh, April 18, 1832.

TREE-HILL RACES.

WILL commence, as usual, on the second Tuesday in May next.

First Day.

The celebrated Sabina Stakes will take place this day. The produce of the best Stallions of the land will make their first effort, for the fame of themselves and sires. On the event of this race depends much of the future success of those justly celebrated racers, Tonson, Eclipse, Gohanna, Medley, Contention and Arab. The number of colts, of their get, in training for this stake, ensures a race worthy of Virginia in her best day.

Entrance $300—mile heats—play or pay.

Nominations.

1. Jno. M. Botts produce of Gohanna
2. Jas. J. Harrison's Arab.
3. T. Watson's Miss Tonson.
4. Th. P. Hare's Contention.
5. Wm. R. Johnson's Medley.
6. Walter Livingston's Eclipse.

Second Day's Race.

Proprietor's Purse $300—two mile heats—entrance $100—half forfeit.

After this race will be run a sweepstake—mile heats—entrance $100—half forfeit.

Nominations.

1. Wm. H. Maxwell enters a Contention filley.
2. Dr. Johnson, a Gohanna colt out of the dam of Cocker.
3. Peter Lyons, a Gohanna colt.
4. A. M. Harrison, a Badger colt out of Molly Andrews.
5. Henry Talman, a Spring Hill colt.

On the evening of this day, there will be a Race Ball at the Eagle Hotel. Gentlemen, citizens, and visitors are requested to subscribe.

Third Day.

Jockey Club Purse, $1000—four mile heats.

Fourth Day.

A Proprietor's Purse $200—two mile heats—entrance $15.

After this race will be run a Sweepstake—mile heats—entrance $200—half forfeit.

Nominations.

1. J. M. Selden enters b. f. by Tonson, out of a Bacon-face mare.
2. Wm. Boulton enters s. c. by Gohanna, out of a Top Gallant mare.
3. J. W. Winfree enters b. c. by Gohanna, out of Lay Yopper.
4. Wm. H. Roane enters gr. f. by Gohanna, out of his imported mare.
5. Thos. Wilson enters b. c. by Tonson, out of a full sister to Paradise.
6. Jno. H. Hoes enters b. f. by Gohanna, out of Fanny Hood.
7. C. C. Perkins enters b. f. by Trafalgar, out of a full sister to Star.
8. Wm. H. Johnson enters s. c. by Tonson, out of Miss Baltimore.
9. A. Armstrong enters produce of Cæsar's Herald mare to Sir Archy.

As the purchaser of Badger to the Stallion stakes, it is hoped the meeting will be full. Persons will keep on View Course and the speed and bottom of the Entire runners. The said mile Central Course will also be there, which together with the Bell meets a field of expectation seldom witnessed in Virginia.

Apply to the Secretary of the Club.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, No. 67 Old County of New York, will practice in the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and in the Circuit Court of the United States, held in the City of New York, and in the Courts of Chancery of the State of New York. He will also attend to the collection of claims in the City of New York, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Philadelphia, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Baltimore, and in the State of Maryland, and in the City of Washington, and in the State of Virginia, and in the City of Richmond, and in the State of Virginia, and in the City of Charleston, and in the State of South Carolina, and in the City of Savannah, and in the State of Georgia, and in the City of New Orleans, and in the State of Louisiana, and in the City of Mobile, and in the State of Alabama, and in the City of Natchez, and in the State of Mississippi, and in the City of Vicksburg, and in the State of Mississippi, and in the City of Memphis, and in the State of Tennessee, and in the City of Nashville, and in the State of Tennessee, and in the City of Knoxville, and in the State of Tennessee, and in the City of Chattanooga, and in the State of Tennessee, and in the City of Atlanta, and in the State of Georgia, and in the City of Augusta, and in the State of Georgia, and in the City of Savannah, and in the State of Georgia, and in the City of Charleston, and in the State of South Carolina, and in the City of Columbia, and in the State of South Carolina, and in the City of Charlotte, and in the State of North Carolina, and in the City of Raleigh, and in the State of North Carolina, and in the City of Wilmington, and in the State of North Carolina, and in the City of Norfolk, and in the State of Virginia, and in the City of Richmond, and in the State of Virginia, and in the City of Petersburg, and in the State of Virginia, and in the City of Lynchburg, and in the State of Virginia, and in the City of Fredericksburg, and in the State of Virginia, and in the City of Alexandria, and in the State of Virginia, and in the City of Washington, and in the State of Virginia, and in the City of Baltimore, and in the State of Maryland, and in the City of Philadelphia, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Pittsburgh, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Harrisburg, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Lancaster, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Reading, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Allentown, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Bethlehem, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Easton, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Scranton, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Wilkes-Barre, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Hazleton, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Pottsville, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Shamokin, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Sunbury, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Lewisburg, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Williamsport, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Erie, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Meadville, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Titusville, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Oil City, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Franklin, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Warren, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the City of Jamestown, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Buffalo, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Rochester, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Syracuse, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Utica, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Albany, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Troy, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Schenectady, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Saratoga Springs, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Lake George, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Lake Champlain, and in the State of 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City of Utica, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Albany, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Troy, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Schenectady, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Saratoga Springs, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Lake George, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Lake Champlain, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Plattsburgh, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Ogdensburgh, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Sackets Harbor, and in the State of New York, and in the City of Oswego, and in the State of New York.

COLTS SWEEPSTAKE.

ON Wednesday the 30th of May next, a Colts Sweepstake will be run over the Lexington Course—two mile heats—Entrance 50 dollars, play or pay. Colts foaled in the State of Kentucky in 1829. Colts foaled in 1830 to be entered at the time of entrance. Colts foaled in 1831 to be entered by the 1st of April next. Colts foaled in 1832 to be entered by the 1st of May next. Colts foaled in 1833 to be entered by the 1st of June next. Colts foaled in 1834 to be entered by the 1st of July next. Colts foaled in 1835 to be entered by the 1st of August next. Colts foaled in 1836 to be entered by the 1st of September next. Colts foaled in 1837 to be entered by the 1st of October next. Colts foaled in 1838 to be entered by the 1st of November next. Colts foaled in 1839 to be entered by the 1st of December next. Colts foaled in 1840 to be entered by the 1st of January next. Colts foaled in 1841 to be entered by the 1st of February next. Colts foaled in 1842 to be entered by the 1st of March next. Colts foaled in 1843 to be entered by the 1st of April next. Colts foaled in 1844 to be entered by the 1st of May next. Colts foaled in 1845 to be entered by the 1st of June next. Colts foaled in 1846 to be entered by the 1st of July next. Colts foaled in 1847 to be entered by the 1st of August next. Colts foaled in 1848 to be entered by the 1st of September next. Colts foaled in 1849 to be entered by the 1st of October next. Colts foaled in 1850 to be entered by the 1st of November next. Colts foaled in 1851 to be entered by the 1st of December next. Colts foaled in 1852 to be entered by the 1st of January next. Colts foaled in 1853 to be entered by the 1st of February next. Colts foaled in 1854 to be entered by the 1st of March next. Colts foaled in 1855 to be entered by the 1st of April next. Colts foaled in 1856 to be entered by the 1st of May next. Colts foaled in 1857 to be entered by the 1st of June next. Colts foaled in 1858 to be entered by the 1st of July next. 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Colts foaled in 1955 to be entered by the 1st of August next. Colts foaled in 1956 to be entered by the 1st of September next. Colts foaled in 1957 to be entered by the 1st of October next. Colts foaled in 1958 to be entered by the 1st of November next. Colts foaled in 1959 to be entered by the 1st of December next. Colts foaled in 1960 to be entered by the 1st of January next. Colts foaled in 1961 to be entered by the 1st of February next. Colts foaled in 1962 to be entered by the 1st of March next. Colts foaled in 1963 to be entered by the 1st of April next. Colts foaled in 1964 to be entered by the 1st of May next. Colts foaled in 1965 to be entered by the 1st of June next. Colts foaled in 1966 to be entered by the 1st of July next. Colts foaled in 1967 to be entered by the 1st of August next. Colts foaled in 1968 to be entered by the 1st of September next. Colts foaled in 1969 to be entered by the 1st of October next. Colts foaled in 1970 to be entered by the 1st of November next. Colts foaled in

LIFE IN NEW-YORK

NEW-YORK.

Saturday Morning, April 28, 1832.

☞ REMOVAL. For the better accommodation of our patrons, the Office of this paper will be removed on the 1st of May to No. 35 WALL-STREET, adjoining the Merchants' Exchange.

☞ Our Subscribers who intend changing their residence, will oblige us by giving our Carriers their address, &c., or by leaving it at the Office.

☞ Subscriptions, Communications, &c. for this paper, received by Messrs. PEABODY & Co. No. 233 Broadway, adjoining the American Hotel

"Come all ye bold Kentuckians,
I'd have you for to know," &c. OLD SONG.

Our Governors seem to be getting into hot water. Him, of Tennessee, at Washington, felt so "wolfy about the head," that he was afraid he "shouldn't keep," if he could not give some one a "scrowging;" which he did most effectually. He "rowed" Stanberry "up a salt creek," and is now *being* tried by the House of Representatives for his unlucky propensity. But the "r-a-l yallow flower of the forest," is now undergoing an examination before our Police Magistrates, who styles himself the "Governor of Kentucky." We are requested not to "call names," which, however, we should not have done, out of respect for the feelings of a young and accomplished lady, of very respectable parentage in this city.

The lady in question, it seems, on Monday afternoon received a note from a well-dressed female at the house of her parents, in the lower part of the city, who gave her to understand that the note had been given her by a gentleman of character and respectability, who requested it to be delivered into the hands of the lady to whom it was addressed. It was anonymous, and contained the following:—

Dear ******

Do not be angry with me that I have taken this liberty. I have seen you and admired you much. May I ask you to call at No.— Mott-street this afternoon at half-past 1 o'clock, as I wish to have a few moments conversation with you. The bearer of this letter will inform you who and what I am—there shall be nothing said or done that the first lady in the land would not be proud of hearing.

Your friend, affectionately.

The lady asked, after reading the note, who the author of it was? when the male answered the "Governor of Kent—" and immediately left the house. As might have been expected, the young lady alarmed by the circumstance, very properly "submitted the note to her parents, who caused it to be laid before the Police Magistrates on Tuesday morning. It was soon ascertained by them that the house in Mott-street referred to in the note, was one of considerable notoriety, the inmates of which were all taken into custody and severally underwent an examination in the course of yesterday. Among the females taken into custody, was the bearer of the note, who admitted the fact, but denied all knowledge of the person who wrote it, and insisted that his name, residence, or occupation was entirely unknown to her, beyond what he had himself stated to her when he gave her the note to deliver. The principal of the establishment confessed that she had seen the gentlemen before at her house, and was present at the time the note was written, but disclaimed all further knowledge of him. Under these circumstances they were required to furnish security for their appearance at the Sessions, and which they accordingly did.

SIR HAL.

Round beef, short jointed, fetlocks sling and flag,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttocks, tender hide,
Look what a horse should have.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is with feelings of regret that we announce to the admirers of fine horses, and the friends of the Turf in particular, the death of that splendid animal, SIR HAL, who died on Sunday last, æt. 23 years, at Elizabethtown, N. J.

The subject of this notice was the property of WILLIAM GIBBONS, Esq. a gentleman of fortune, whose exertions to improve the breed of horses deserve the thanks of all lovers of that noble animal. He was one of the most distinguished on the American Turf; the device on the head of our paper is from a portraiture taken from life, in the American Turf Register, and is said to be an accurate representation of him.

We glean from several documents in our possession, the following brief sketch of his performances, and of the high estimation in which he was held by our most celebrated Turfmen. From an account in the Turf Register, we make the following extracts:—

"Sir Harry, the sire of Sir Hal was said to be the handsomest and one of the best sons of Sir Peter Teazle, was also the sire of *Sir Alfred*, who ran twenty miles with Duroc, (sire of American Eclipse,) at Fairfield, making two dead heats, and winning the third with ease.

"The dam of Sir Hal was by the imported horse Saltram, by Eclipse; his grandam by the imported Medley, by Gimcrack; his great grandam by Young Aratus, by by imported Aristotle.

"His style of running was as beautiful as his performances were successful and extraordinary. Col. W. R. Johnson said he never saw a finer race than Sir Hal was the handsomest horse, in point of symmetry, that he had ever seen at the race ground. It is no small feather in his cap to have beaten the Colonel's favorite horse Medley.

His performances are as follows:—

"The fall he was 3 years old, he ran a match race with Francisco, 2 mile heats, which he won easily in 3m. 56s.

"Next spring he was taken up at Fairfield 2 mile heats, beating Molineux, Tim Durand, and three others, without being put up. In the fall he won the Jockey club purse at Warrenton, 3 mile heats, beating Little Billy, and several others, with great ease—Went to Broad Rock, entered for the proprietor's purse, 3 mile heats, and nothing would enter against him—Then went to Fairfield, and started for the Jockey club purse, 4 mile heats against Cub Carey and four others, which race he lost, after winning the first heat, and losing the second by a few feet—he was taken by the cramp in an injured leg, and with difficulty got to the stable.

"Spring he was five years old he was not trained, by way of recovery to the injured leg. In the fall, however, he won the Jockey club purse at Warrenton, two mile heats, without being put up, beating Florizel, and some others—At Broad Rock, he won the Jockey club purse, 4 mile heats, beating and breaking down at one heat Cub bearer, 7m. 16s.—And also the proprietor's purse at Belfield, very easily beating the get of Potomac, Bedford and Sir Harry.

"In the spring of his sixth year, he won the lady's purse at Fairfield, mile heats, best three in five, beating Walk-in-the-water, Sancho, and four others—At Newmarket the proprietor's purse, 3 mile heats in 5m. 52s. beating Black-eyed Susan, and several others. During the fall of that year, he won the proprietor's purse at Warrenton—the Jockey club purse at Newmarket, 4 mile heats, running both heats under 8 minutes, the second in 7m. 56s. beating Florizel, Merino Ewe, Director, and several others—And the Jockey club purse at Belfield, 3 mile heats, without being put up, beating Young Favorite and another horse.

"He made a season in the spring of his seventh year in Sussex co. Va. The fall following, he was trained and carried to Maryland, where he run two races; the one at Marlborough, 4 mile heats, seven starting, won easily running both heats under 8 minutes. The week after he ran at Washington, 3 mile heats, beating Rosa, Penelope, Diana and Tuckahoe, 1st heat, 5m. 59s.—2d heat, 5m. 13s.

"The fall he was 9 years old he run at Newmarket, three mile heats, and was beaten by the celebrated horse Virginian."

The above account of his performances and pedigree is certified by Col. W. R. Johnson, to whom he formerly belonged.

ITEMS.

Our friends "down east" have commenced the manufacture of "Items," in good earnest. A contemporary states that it has become extremely fashionable to ridicule this excellent method of giving in a condensed form a great variety of interesting information. A hound of well-known speed and bottom has *given tongue*, and the whole pack join in the cry: but they will be mortified when they learn that their leader has been pursuing a false scent.

By manufacturing "Items," an editor is enabled to furnish his readers with the "spirit" and "life" of a great many *long-winded* articles, which though perhaps of interest, would otherwise be crowded out. The Lowell Experiment gives a happy illustration of our meaning, "though infinitely better expressed."

ORIGINAL ARTICLE.

"Yesterday morning we were appalled by the melancholy spectacle of a dead body floating in its watery grave." This circumstance must cast a gloom over the connexions of the deceased and operate as a warning to parents not to trust their offspring out of their sight, as the deceased was one of its tender years, and inexperienced in the

"Various road and all that chequer life"

A jury of inquest sat upon the body—"our devil," coroner, for the reader, the catastrophe occurred in his office. Verdict:—"death by accidental drowning in a hogshead of lye." The deceased was a mouse of highly respectable connexions, we presume, but as none of its friends appeared to identify the body, we cannot speak with certainty."

"ITEM."

"A mouse was drowned in Lowell 'at a lye bottle.'"

By this item, the intelligence is spread with out the trouble of copying the original article. Besides, these "items" do away the necessity in many cases, of giving credit.

TEMPERANCE.—We *did not* find this article in the "Genius of Temperance," which is getting on swimmingly, we understand—the same matter, affecting published in the Frank-in Daily Advertiser, is only inserted in *four* or *five* additional papers. We would recommend to the very temperate editors in front the *sparing* that would accrue if they *leveraged* the first paper, and they then would be only at the trouble of shifting "heads"—"Would make money like dirt."

"In digging a well near Portland, lately, a swinging stone on which was a tenon rocks, gave way, and dropped the rocks to the bottom 30 feet or more. Those above thought a Mr T——, who was at the bottom, had perished—but he soon after ascended, well acquainted, and other many congratulations, gravely observed, "Well then, what do you think of your Temperance Society now? Had I belonged to the cold water, (about two feet in the bottom of the well) I certainly should have been killed)—for I find that very instant the stones struck, left the place to go to the side after some rum."

Williams' Annual Register.—Mr. Edwin Williams has just published his Register for 1832.—We have looked into the volume, and find that it contains a great deal of matter, not only useful but interesting—there are upwards of two hundred subjects treated on, about 50 of which are for the first time mentioned in this work. The volume contains 336 pages, being 40 pages more than the preceding one. This Register should be in the hands of the lawyer, as well as the merchant—for the great variety of matter is as interesting to the one as the other; compiled as it is, with accuracy and care, it is an excellent work of reference as well as of present use.

Steam Boat Disaster.—Extract from a letter to the editors of the Courier and Enquirer dated

LOUISVILLE, Ky. April 17, 1832.

The steamboat *Bonaventure*, Hamilton, on her way up from N. Orleans for Louisville, which she left on the 9th inst. above Memphis, at 8 P. M. on Monday, was discovered to be on fire.—The night was dark and rainy and the pilot gave the boat immediate direction to run her ashore instantly, the boat being in the middle of the stream, before she struck. However, which was within three minutes from the discovery, the fire was found already so much advanced, that the flames had flown with the velocity of the wind, and enveloped the whole of the vessel, full of the boiler, in one mass of fire. The passengers and crew, about 150 in number, precipitated themselves into the river, with the exception of a few, and about 40 females who seeing the vessel enveloped, by the multitude who rushed into the cabin, became bewildered with affright, refused to jump overboard, and perished in the midst of the flames; the boat had at that time reached the middle of the river.

All were now anxious for a life of floating timber, but the current was very swift.

Many struck the timber with the paddles and for saddling and mounting, and the horses were seen encountering from all directions—some rafts stirred in their pockets, scattered and hunting rafts. The whole having mounted, the rafts were soon encumbered with the multitude, and the current bore them down the river.

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SPORTING VARIETIES.

Original and Selected.

SAVANNAH RACES.

We are enabled to lay before our readers this week, the first day's result of the Jockey Club Races at this place.

The match took place on the 18th inst. On the evening previous the following horses were entered.

Mr. Bonner's C. H. Almanzor (Redgauntlet) 5 years old—Rider red jacket and blue cap, Mr. Haun's C. H. Troupe, 9 years old—Rider pink jacket and black cap, and another fine horse we wot of, was expected to arrive in time to enter.

From the Savannah papers we find that the town is crowded with strangers; the track is in beautiful order; the weather bears a favorable aspect; the stewards have spared no pains to insure success to the association they represent, and we trust the business of the week will be so conducted as to establish the "Savannah Jockey Club Races" on as firm and as respectable a footing as those of any other city—a result that will be essentially aided in the attainment by the co-operation of members and the citizens generally, in the promotion of good order, by the prompt suppression of every act in the least tending to infringe it.

The course is a part of the celebrated domain of *Bonaventure*, somewhat over three miles from town, is well enclosed with a substantial fence, and the track is the best we ever saw, being wide, level, hard, and smooth as a floor. The space in the centre is now being put in order for carriages and on the rising ground, opposite the starting post and overlooking the whole race track, a number of building have been erected, with commodious covered platforms above, for the convenience of spectators.

SAVANNAH, *April* 19.

The first day's races of the Savannah Jockey Club took place yesterday at 12 o'clock, agreeably to arrangement. There were but two competitors for the purse, ($500) Redgauntlet, a horse of some fame from "Kentucky," and "old Troup," a Georgia horse, as his name designates. Two, three and even 4 to one were offered on Redgauntlet, but few were taken, as the owner of Troup had entered him more for the gratification of the public than with any strong hope of winning, particularly as one of his fore legs had been injured in training. The first heat was won by Troup by about a length, and was hands nicely run. The second heat was also won by him, notwithstanding his lameness had become so bad that he absolutely limped on his way to the starting post: although half a length behind fifty yards from the stand, he came in ahead as far as the saddle—a result altogether unexpected.

TIME.

1st heat,—8m. 11 1-2d heat,—9m. 33 1-2s.

The day was beautifully clear and pleasant, though rather warm, and a large number of persons and vehicles were upon the course. The steamboat Washington carried down a respectable complement, and will go daily.

JACKSON COURSE.—NEW ORLEANS.

The Spring Races over this beautiful course commence to-day. Several fine horses have arrived, among which are Polly Powell, Henvelina, Lord Byron, Pioneer, Henville, and several others, the names of which we have not yet learned. It is expected that several others will enter this morning, and that there will be fine sport.

The race for this day is four miles and repeat—Purse $900. For which the following horses were entered last evening:

F. Dalapanther's bay mare Polly Powell, 5 years old, by Virginia.

Mr. Fort's Sorrel Colt, Anvil, 3 years old by Stockholder, out of a Parrott mare.

The four mile heat race which was run on yesterday, was won by Mr. J. Riddle's Filly, Piano, distancing Polly Powell the second heat.

HUNTING PARK COURSE.—We understand, says the Philadelphia Daily Chronicle, that the training will be unusually fine this season; the horses are in training, and from present appearances will be in better order than on any former occasion. "Old Top" is again the favorite for the two mile prize, although Sally Miller and Bull Calf are both expected to be entered. The New Yorkers, too, are coming out strong; Jerry, Comet and Proselyte, all three expected, and as our three mile horse Wyckoff, Columbus and Lady Jackson, are now training, we have no doubt there will be much interest excited on the Course. There is also to be a harness race, for which the celebrated horses Cato and Sir Peter are expected to contend.

GRAND STEEPLE CHASE, AT ST. ALBANS.

We regret our limits will not allow us to insert the official account at length of this grand affair, which occupies in "Bell's Life in London," now before us, over a column of very closely printed matter. It will be more eagerly read by American Sportsmen from the fact that Mr. Charlemagne, the splendid Turfman, was chosen steward; in consequence of a severe accident he was unable to assume his usual character in the field. He is unrivalled as a rider, and never has failed we believe in winning, when he has given a challenge.

Abridged from Bell's Life in London.

It was anticipated that some of the most celebrated hunters in the South would be out and this anticipation was not disappointed, for no less than twenty of the "right sort" were booked by Tuesday night, foremost in favor among which was Moonraker, the property of Mr. Elmore, which had to have won two sweepstakes on start for hazardous enterprises in the same neighborhood. The instance, it was stated by the oracles, should be four miles—no horse to carry less than Hst. 7lb. The first horse to pay the second horse a stake, and the winner a cup and for 500 sovereigns, if demanded within 48 hours after the race.

Mr. Osbaldeston was chosen umpire, and Mr. Coleman clerk of the races; and by nine o'clock on Wednesday morning (the day fixed for the race) the company of gentlemen assembled at the Crown and Anchor, which was to be the place of starting distinctly understood that their object was not to get a good run for each a heavy chance in case, but first.

At an early hour on Thursday morning the carriages of gentlemen coming to witness from all quarters were numerous, very handsome equipages, and the postboys and other persons who pointed by the attraction, and ample reason to feel sure of their each a heavy chance in case, but first.

The Turf Hotel was head-quarters, and before the arrival of the subscribers were duly weighed. The twenty-six Mr. Smith, were ridden by his brown horse Moonraker in the course of the morning. All were now anxious for a hint of the favorite, but the secret was well kept.

Mr. Osbaldeston was the umpire, and gave every encouraging hint as to their performance, and directed the riders to keep together, which could be marked by flags, to the left of which they were to keep straightforward, or forfeit the race. At a quarter to two, all being in readiness, Mr. Osbaldeston led the way out of the yard, followed by the horses, of which the following is a correct list, together with their riders:

Mr. Elmore's b. g. Moonraker,—rode by Mr. Seddon
Mr. Thomas's b. g. Corinthian Kate—Capt. Beecher.
Mr. Evans's g. g. Grimaldi—Mr. Mostyn, Esq.
Col. Crosbie's Napoleon—Mr. Cunningham.
Sir Wm. Gerard's b. m. Xenophon—owner.
Mr. Cox's ch. g. Rough Robin—Mr. Osbaldeston's whipper-in.
Mr. Johnson's Leporello—owner.
Mr. Coppin's b. g. Pioneer—owner.
H. Hall's b. g. Young Lumper—owner.
Mr. Clark's g. g. Bobbish—C. B. Hall, Esq.
Mr. Thornhill's b. h. Bloomfield—C. B. Codrington, Esq.
Capt. Hamilton's br. m. Lucifer—owner.
Mr. Elmore's b. h. Bob Logic—Mr. Patrick.
Mr. Conway's b. h. Rob Roy—owner.
Mr. Adams's b. m. Lily—Mr. Weeks.
Mr. Cranmer's b. h. Tallyman—owner.
Mr. Calloway's br. m. Countess—owner.
Mr. Tolly's b. m. Rosina—Mr. Parker.
C. Neville, Esq.'s ch. g. Hotspur—W. Bean.

The horses, having reached the appointed ground, were marshalled in the best order that impatient spirits would permit. Mr. Anderson, of Piccadilly, was permitted to enter a grey hunter at the last moment on payment of his stakes, so that twenty actually started. By half past three they went off in gallant style. It would be difficult at such a moment to say which had the advantage. Lucifer, however, led the way, and the rest followed at a round pace. The first two or three fences were well taken; but in the third field, Capt. Beecher, on Corinthian Kate, had a fall, and his mare ran half across the meadow before he could catch her and regain his seat; his saddle being thrown on one side. He had previously got the lead, Rough Robin close behind. The others were all well up, but Moonraker and Grimaldi stopped within each other in the rear. We cannot presume to give the position of each horse in the animated struggle which followed. Many of the leaps were admirably taken, and all seemed influenced by the same desire of emulation. All the nags were not, however, without questions; some got clumsy falls, unhorsing their riders, and others declined off the grand course, seeing they had not a chance.—The most interesting point was the struggle for turning, the article at the farm-house from which a view of the distant goal could be obtained. Here Moonraker asserted his supremacy, and came gallantly round the corner, close followed by Corinthian Kate, Grimaldi, Bloomfield, Napoleon, and some others well in their wake. The first down the hill was beautiful, and the general cry was—"Moonraker is winning easy." Three or four leaps were well taken, when Moonraker, in surmounting the hill, came to the third fence from home, nearly a-breast with Corinthian Kate; they both cleared well; but Moonraker swerving a little to the left, so as to clear the flag tree, Corinthian Kate came close to him on the right, and in the next fence had rather the advantage in making her leap. The call was now rather for Kate, but in a few strides Moonraker regained his superiority, and darting with undiminished vigor at the last fence, cleared nearly seven yards at the spring, and shook his rider most fearfully. Kate now fell off, but Grimaldi, who had been waiting for the last struggle home, and who had taken his leaps beautifully from the first, rushed out and challenged Moonraker. The struggle up the hill to the paddock was desperate—nothing could be better, both spring to the brink, at the same moment, but Moonraker had the advantage by half a neck and was pronounced the winner. It was thought, had Grimaldi made play sooner, the issue would have been different. The struggle with these left immediately behind was between Corinthian Kate, Napoleon, and Bloomfield. The former two came in 3d and 4th. An accident prevented Bloomfield from getting a better place—he and his rider having fallen into a chalk pit which unfortunately lay in the way, and was unperceived till too late by Mr. Codrington. Much credit is due to Capt. Beecher for the manner in which he rode Corinthian Kate, and, making allowances for his early mishap, it will be seen that his chances of victory were of no common character. Grimaldi was also admirably ridden by Mr. Mostyn, who complained of his path being crossed by some horseman at a most important point. Of Mr. Seddon's management of Moonraker we cannot speak in terms of too much praise. Mr. Codrington also rode admirably. The remaining competitors came galloping in at intervals, some of them at a slapping pace, anxious to avoid being last—a distinction which was awarded to Hospur, who lost both his rider, his bridle, and himself. Several of the riders coming in showed convincing marks of having come in contact with "mother earth"—but, taking the whole field, a more beautiful or interesting sight has never been witnessed—some few accidents occurred in the last meadow, from the injudicious rush of the crowd, horse and foot—some were thrown down, but we did not hear of any serious accident.

On going to scale there were, of course, various opinions as to the merits of the different horses, and the superiority of Grimaldi over Moonraker. Classed to fresh challenges, and Mr. Osbaldeston proposed making a match between Grimaldi and Moonraker for 500, or between one of his own horses and Moonraker, to run in Leicestershire for a like sum—undertaking to ride both races himself, if they were well.

The four miles, as far as we could collect, were performed in fifteen minutes and a half by the winner.

STAKES GIVEN UP.

Some assertion having been made that Moonraker had come on the wrong side of one of the flag posts, Mr. Osbaldeston heard evidence on the subject, when the stakes were given to Mr. Elmore without further objections.

MATCH BETWEEN MOONRAKER AND GRIMALDI.

After an excellent dinner at the Turf Hotel, at which most of the riders and owners of the horses were present, and at which the accidents of the day, by "flood and field," were recounted, among other things it being stated that Mr. Westby's fall on full gallop lost his bridle, and rode in the broken reins in his mouth; Mr. Osbaldeston, Mr. Evans, and other gentlemen came in and challenged Mr. Elmore to make a match for Moonraker for 1000 sovereigns, or half that sum, to be run for over the Leicestershire course. After some discussion, Mr. Osbaldeston agreed to ride Mr. Elmore's horse 10 stone the match. Articles were then drawn up and signed.

This match, which excited an extraordinary degree of interest, came off on Tuesday, in the neighborhood of Harrow, and was won by Grimaldi, ridden by Mr. Osbaldeston. Grimaldi was favorite by Mr. Evans's own confidence, was backed by Mr. Elmore that he lets, which he [illegible] in favor of Moonraker, were [illegible] to 5 to 4 [illegible]

Mr. Osbaldeston's [illegible] and Tattoo—The match of which the above [illegible] took place in the [illegible] for the second of March, near Dublin, for £15 aside. We extract the particulars, which [illegible] Bell's Life in London, as collected from the "Dublin Sporting Gazette":

[illegible] Osbaldeston's Tattoo, by Tramp, dam by Sir Peter, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Moonraker, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Osbaldeston's Grimaldi, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Corinthian Kate, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Napoleon, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Rough Robin, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Xenophon, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Leporello, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Pioneer, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Young Lumper, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Bobbish, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Bloomfield, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Lucifer, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Bob Logic, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Rob Roy, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Tallyman, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Countess, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Rosina, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible] Mr. Elmore's Hotspur, by Sir Peter, dam by Sir Hal, [illegible]

REMARKS.

A finer fight never took place in Ireland; but it was too long. The mischief done should have been executed in half the time. Lawler is certainly a brave man; but it was thought by many he went down too easy. He is quick with the left hand, but instead *fly* to the mode of making it tell, his right is often used, as if flapping with the boxing glove—yet for a first appearance, has done wonders; is young enough, and with a little instruction from an experienced pugilist, he might "stand" at the Ring. For Dalton we cannot say too much; his unflinching manly style of fighting, was the admiration of all. He might repeatedly have injured Lawler by falling on him, but did not take the advantage; we cannot however, conceal from ourselves that he is not a young man—that he was indebted to his courage for victory; but more courage, though a good point, is not all a pugilist wants. He has covered himself with glory. Let him turn publican and take care of his hens and chickens.

PARK.

We paid *our* half dollar on Tuesday evening, and had an opportunity of choosing a seat in any part of the *pit*, to see the first representation of a new tragedy, called "Werdenburg" or the "Forest League." It would of course be equal by useless and impertinent for us to enter into any regular criticism of a composition which we have not read—still we shall be justified in saying, that as a poem, the play is quite worthy of the genius of Mrs. Hentz, and that it also possesses strong claims to the character of a proper drama. Our dramatic literature, is in truth, poor enough; but we are inclined to hope that the talents of this lady, if wisely directed by herself, and sustained by the favor of her countrymen, will do much for the removal of the reproach. Some of the scenes of "Werdenburg" were highly interesting, but they were rendered prominent by the admirable acting of Mrs. Sharpe, who conceived the character of Constance very finely, and did for it "all that woman could do." The rest of the performers, with the exception of Mr Pelby, were dull and spiritless to a degree; and had it not been for the delivery of a sprightly epilogue by Mrs. Sharpe, (the merit of which lies in the *last* twenty lines) the Theatre at the dropping of the curtain, would have worn rather a gloomy aspect—owing probably to the gas lights not being in a good humor.

AMERICAN.

Of Miss VINCENT'S benefit on Monday last, we have only to say that she played with her usual spirit, to the most crowded audience collected in this theatre, since the days of Gilfert, and Signorina Garcia. At the opening of the house the rush was tremendous, and all the seats, from the pit to the gallery were filled to overflowing;—indeed, every nook and corner which afforded the least view of the stage, was "chock full" of delighted spectators. That her success during her present short engagement, realised the most sanguine expectations of her friends, this benefit gave the most indisputable test. Mr. Hamblin, at the termination of the play, was loudly called for, to offer her a re-engagement which he appeared, and in a neat and appropriate address, (Hamblin is *an fait* at this), he informed the audience that a compliance with their request was the first wish of his heart, and that Miss Vincent would have the honor of appearing before them for the 1st time on Monday evening next. He retired amidst enthusiastic cheers from all parts of the house.

The WATER WITCH, dramatised by Taylor with new dresses, and several new and pretty scenes painted by Mr. WHITE, was produced on Wednesday. Mrs. HAMBLIN was the magnet that drew the fashionable audience who witnessed its representation. She was most heartily welcomed home, and though ever a favorite with us, we can say without flattery, that her manner as well as appearance seems improved by her visit to the "land of her fathers."

We have no room for any thing further at present, but shall take occasion in our next, to notice several of the characters at length.

RICHMOND HILL.

Monday evening was set apart for Mr. & Mrs. Thorne; the house was well filled and the performances were sustained with an unusual degree of spirit. Mr. Thorne's Count in the Child of Nature, was a masterly effort, and gained him no small share of applause. Miss Duff, as Amanthis, elicited the warmest feelings of the audience, by her delineation of the pensive of the untaught heart. The farce of the Dead Shot succeeded, in which Miss Duff made a decided hit; Mrs. Thorne, as Chatter, was inimitable. The Spoiled Child concluded the evening's entertainment. Mrs. Thorne, as Little Pickle, exceeded every other character we have seen her perform; Mr. Phillips, as Old Pickle, kept the audience in a continued roar.

We would commend the friends of the Drama at Mr. Clarke takes a benefit this evening. We hope that his call on a liberal public will not pass unheeded; his assiduities entitle him to a large share of their sympathy.

A CARD.

Mr. C. MARKS respectfully announces that he will take his *last Benefit* on Saturday, 28th of April, and on which occasion he solicits the Patronage of his friends and the public. Mr. C. assures his friends, that on the night of his Benefit a Benefit, the weather permitting, an effort at seeing the time of Elsworth's, or of his friends participations were prevented from attending. But in the liberality of Mr. Marks, he is permitted another appeal for a portion of the public patronage, which under an arduous season of exertion in his profession, he humbly trusts he may be entitled to expect.

TABLEAUX.—In making up our outside form, very unfortunately, a verse of poetry got transposed. The 13th verse of the article on our last page, should follow the sixth verse on the first page.

ITEM-ANIA.

From Papers &c. received at this Office.

"Items should be essentially smooth, soft and flat."

We have given our readers this week
A conglomerated dish under head of
"Ite-m-ania." These are
Pretty good "Items."
And another "Item," best of all is—
We still 'em.
Six "not so bad" "Items."
The Newport Spectator says,
"A man in that town is no better than he should be."
He continues,
"What he "mean has been endeavoring,"—
Well, we take it for granted he has
"To establish his character for truth,"
He is not the first that has tried.
"And in the course" of his argument remarked,"
Who wants to hear an argument?—
We have no room in "Ite-m-ania."
"That it took him a great while,"
No kinding doubt on't.
"To tell the truth."
We haven't the shadow of a doubt,
That here are fourteen "Items."

"Some people get along in the world on the same principle that a sweep passes uninterrupted through a crowd." A very good "item," but we stole it.

Papers which contain the most "items" are thought to be the most *popular*. It is proposed to establish a paper on purpose to encourage the "item manufacture." It is to be called the "Item Whig and Monosyllable Flea-trap;" and is intended particularly for *short* days in the summer.

These are *generally* very choice "Items."

In making "items," should an idea require more words to express it than is consistant with a due regard for brevity, the better way is to

Divide the item into two or more paragraphs. This will be a great accommodation to those editors who know how to use their paste and scissors better than their quills.

Otherwise the bread of these literary pirates may chance to be all dough.

"Flea-elegy" is the name of a new science which has lately been invented by a servant of St. Giles's. It makes a very good "item."

A man in New York by the name of *Considered Lucas* has been indicted for theft. It seems that Lucas did not *consider*.

Some one thinks that a chapter of "items," mixed with a little calomel, by way of good sense, would be a sure preventive of the cholera.

Men who advertise their wives in the newspapers are thought to be no great things, after all.

"Items" are little paragraphs made up of every thing, and amounting to little or nothing.

Latest accounts from Europe state that his majesty the King of England has perpetrated a royal pun. He ought to be *pun*-ished for it.

"Items" seem to be all the rage now, and we can do no less than contribute our mite to the general fund.

The Boston Courier says that newspaper articles should be as "soft and as flat as possible."

The Legislature of Ohio lately unmarried sixteen couple.

Scotland is the place to get married—many a man goes to sleep a Benedict, and wakes up noosed for life.

The Nashua Gazette quotes some of our remarks, and accuses us of wilful "misrepresentation." We don't understand it therefore "we give it up."

There is a great deal of folly, as well as ignorance, in the world. Every body knows it.

The good natured editor of the Haverhill Iris compares our humble self to a "lion in a cage." Thank ye, Sir—we owe you one—take your pay in "Items"—eh!

Checquered pantaloons are now all the *go*—adder skin unmentionables come next in the course.

Some of the members of our Legislature are in a quandary, because they don't know which is the strongest side.

A sect of religionists at Paris are about to send missionaries to London.

The editor of the Hartford Times desires to know how he differs from Jefferson.

"Our own Items." We borrowed a *head* for the "Items" from the Camden Journal—or rather we stole it, for we never intend to return it again.

An advertiser in one of the Baltimore papers, wants a young lady—to act as *one-man* of a mantua making establishment.

Distressing.—A certain very *knowing* editor, not a hundred miles from here, while endeavoring to produce a *flash* of wit, actually took fire.

Lamentable.—A young lady of Knoxville, Tennessee, lately strolled one evening, unattended, to a distant part of the village, where, in a fit of diapair, she committed——matrimony.

At Providence Amasa E. Walmsley convicted of the murder of John Burke, has been sentenced to be executed on the first of June next.

On Thursday morning last, Mr. Joshua Gliddin of the Ten Hill Farm, was kicked by a horse and so severely injured as to cause his death.

A heavy complaint has been made against modern romances, full of ghosts, spectres, and murders. The young ladies are so frightened, as to be afraid to sleep *alone*.

A few shad have been caught on the Merrimack this season—the fisherman think they will soon be after catching a salmon.

There are 130 steamboats on the rivers Ohio and Mississippi.

Our friends of the Type foundries are requested to cast some *flat faced periods* expressly for the purpose of improving the Item manufacture.

It is said to be a well ascertained fact that the Choctaws trace out a drunkard with about as sure a scent as a bloodhound, the object of its pursuit.

A. L. Emerson Esq has been elected Mayor of the city of Portland.

Some ladies of Sumpterville, S. C. sent a boiling hot nullification toast to Ogle tree Hamilton Junior in that State. This is the first time the ladies have ever come out openly in favor of disunion. Rather think they'll repent of it.

A worthy son of St. Crispin in one of the Western States has commenced a newspaper to advocate the rights of the shoe makers—Better stick to the Last.

Among the petitioners to the last legislature for a charter of banks was one from apothecaries. But I etruth is best his *paper*, and is now Petro Patrison.

A writer in the Richmond Whig thinks the dissolution of the Union would be the ruin of Virginia. We think so too.

The New York American says it was the cry of Dennis and not Ur. Johnson, who made the remark that "a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket." Don't believe twas either of them.

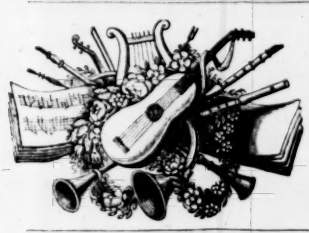
The legislature of New Jersey have passed a law for the *preservation* of Grasshoppers.—Some one thinks Cranberries are very well preserved.

Mr. Buchanan has gone on his mission to St. Petersburgh. He is requested to stop the cholera.

The Olive Branch says there ought in the country, to be a difference in the quality of flesh and blood. There ought to be no difference in the price of *blood*; but Calvin Edson's *flesh* is worth $40 per lb—every atom of it.

The Portsmouth State Herald says that since the Settlement of New England but *five* cases have been taught within its boundaries.

The Newburyport Herald states that at the late Town Election, "twenty-nine Hegreeves were selected from those persons recently married."



The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

For the Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York:

STANZAS.

The spirit alters: ne'er again
Will life restore the hours
Of innocence, when free from pain,
Our life was like the flowers!

No doubts to check, no fear to dim
Our cloudless destiny!
Like little barks, 'twas ours to swim,
Upon a summer sea.

The playfulness, the pride of heart—
As seasons journey'd by—
Were quench'd, and youth came to impart
More thoughtfulness of eye.

And passions, that without a wing,
Lay sleeping in their cells,
Came forth, as at the touch of Spring,
The dewy buds and bells.

But thou the princess wert of all,
Delicious, holy love,
Adorn'd in cot and palace hall,
In city, and in grove.

What marvel, then, that I should be
A worshipper of thine?
That I should leave the world, and flee
To kneel before thy shrine!

Coquette!! the world's enough! depend upon't
I will never do! there's lots of marrying men.
The deuce a fear, if patiently you hunt,
You'll meet with chances every now and then.
But as for me—my pen is very blunt,
Yet, ere I stop, I tell you once again,
I'm quite determin'd to continue single—
So, there's enough for once of Andrew's gingle.

SHOOTING A DUCK.

"Mr. Griffiths, Bowles, and two gentlemen of Norwich, were out shooting in the neighborhood; and in the course of their sport, two ducks flying over, the manager aimed and fired; a barn was close at hand, beyond which the birds disappeared. Bowles swore that Griffiths had hit one or both, and that they had fallen in the farm-yard. The hint was sufficient; away bounded the manager; Bowles and his companions, who were in the conspiracy, following, jumped over the gate, they ran into the yard; and just then, an old weather-beaten, broken-backed, bandy-legged duck, a true decoyee to mud and water, came limping by among some other fowls.

"That's it, that's it!" said Bowles; you've hit it: I knew you did."

"Eh, eh, eh, where, Bob, where?"

"There."

Catching a view of him, the manager commenced a chase through mud and slush, and tried to knock down his crippled victim with the butt end of his gun. Two or three times they ran round the yard like a hunt at Astley's. Bob and the others whooping and laughing, and giving the view holloa. The noise soon brought the farmer and his family from the house, and half a dozen thrashers from the barn, the latter of whom evinced a desire of verifying their names, by considering the bodies of our sportsmen so many trusses of straw. Mr. Griffiths, however, addressed the farmer, and an altercation took place as to the identity of the duck; the former maintaining that he had hit the bird when flying over the barn, and that it had just fallen into the yard; and the latter calling all his people to witness that the said duck had been a patriarch in his puddles these six years, and hadn't wings enough to fly over a turnip. The gentlemen at length interfered, and taking the farmer aside, explained the joke to him, and slipped a crown into his hand; at which Bowles exclaimed—

"Oh, it's very right, sir; the farmer only meant to say that he had a duck which greatly resembled this one."

"Ay, ay, knew so, Bobby; you all see me hit it."

The wink was now tipped to the flail-swingers, and a pursuit recommenced, when the duck was at length knocked down, pounced upon by Bowles, and popped into the bag. Griffith now shouldered his gun, and marched off in triumph; Bowles walked behind, putting his finger to his nose: and the countrymen, unable any longer to restrain their gratification, clapped their hands to their sides, opened their capacious jaws, and lowed out their laughter like so many oxen."—*Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage.*

A NEW TRAGEDY.—A city paper says: "A manuscript copy of a new tragedy, called 'Werdenbergh, or the Forest League,' has been placed in our hands. It is from the pen of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, is written in smooth verse, and is well calculated for stage effect. It will, we learn, be produced at the Park Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Pelby, who is to sustain the principal part. The scene is laid in Switzerland.

MISS SHERIFF'S LOVE AMONGST THE GODS. Just as, in the part of *Adela*, in *The Haunted Tower*, Miss Sherriff had ended the begining line of her first song, "Whither, my love, ah! whither art though gone!" an Irishman, from the Gods' Loft, exclaimed, "By J—, my love, I'm gone here, in the gallery, wid these noisy devils in my ears!".

EXTRAORDINARY CHILD.—We learn from Claiborn, Geauga county, that a child was recently born in that town with two complete heads—double sets of eyes, ears, &c; one throat, four arms, one body, and four legs. The child is said to have been small, and to have lived but a short time.—(*Ohio*) *News Letter.*

CRYING CHILDREN.—"I like a child that cries," said the Abbe Morellet. "Why?" "Because then it is taken away."—*Le Livre des Conteliaux.*

"You are very wet," said C. Kemble, sympathizingly, to a postboy who had driven him through a shower of rain. "No sir, replied Pat, looking at the hat significantly, "I am very *dry*."

The Boston Advocate states that a Militia Court Martial has been sitting in that city for several days on a trial of Colonel Winthrop, "for not tending the porch door of the Old South on Election day."

A MODEST YORKER.—The editor of an afternoon paper speaking of the high winds that have prevailed during the Spring, says—"Some of the ladies have thought it expedient to *lengthen their dresses*."

UNIVERSAL WIT.—The following toast, which owes its origin to a member of the bar, who concluded it by a connection of the names of the late Barkers, displays much point and ingenuity:—*May* WILKEN'S *Bishops* never *Burke* the constitution.

An excellent subject for a caricature has been found in Mr. Irvine'al preaching to the House of Commons in the character of *Mawworm*. Old Charley Wetherell asleep, Peel and Co., with the whites of their eyes exhibited like "dying ducks," and Harry Hunt, with his tongue in his cheek. At the door of the Honorable House, a group of *fasting* mechanics. The Genius of Cholera dancing a jig on "The Mirror of Parliament."

A BILLINGSGATE PRIG.—A gemman vat is in the habit of "prigging" fish at Billingsgate, named Bates, and who had been a successful pirate in the way for years, was on Friday committed from the Mansion-House to Bridewell for two months, having after a long pursuit, been apprehended. He said he was as innocent as a *flounder*, and could bring a hundred witnesses to prove as he was a honest man, providing as he know'd vere to find em."—*Bell's Life in London.*

"How do you think Lacy done the Devil, at Covent-garden?" asked one of a coterie assembled as usual at the Garrick after the play.—"I think he was a very *Lace*-demonian."

"Genius is a rare and precious gem, of which few know the worth; it is fitter for the cabinet of connoisseurs, than for the commerce of mankind. Good sense is a bank bill, convenient for change, negotiable at all times, and current in all places."

There are seven daily newspapers published in Boston, twelve in New-York, seven in Philadelphia, and five in Baltimore.

For the Spirit of the Times.

WESTERN FOREST SPORTS.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—A friend of your paper—whose fortune it has been to sojourn a year in one of those sections of our western country which have just begun to feel the approach of civilization—where the deer was but as yesterday first startled by the sound of the axe with which a hardy pioneer was engaged in making an opening in the vast wilderness—where even now the family which has a neighbor within a mile is esteemed fortunate indeed—and a framed house is regarded as a luxury—has thought proper to prepare for your journal a few notes on the favorite sports of that rude, yet by no means comfortless region. Coming, as they will, within the peculiar scope and design of your publication, he trusts they will find favor in your eyes, even if he should happen to relate no adventures so marvellous as those of Mr. Rose Cox, and record no providences so striking as that detailed in the Bear Story. He aims simply at a description of the expedients, incidents, and pleasures of hunting, as practised in the "BACKWOODS" of Pennsylvania and Ohio: without expecting to narrate any thing vastly strange or new to those familiar with huntingin general

Yours, B.

WOLF HUNTING. No. I.

In nearly all new settlements, the wolf is found mischievous and destructive of enemies. Not that they have that courage to attack a man, as is commonly supposed; for of that the instances are rare indeed; and it may at least be safely affirmed that a thousand wolves have seen fit to run away from a backwoodsman, where one has ventured to run at him. But it is from their inveterate propensity for *mutton*, that the main evil flows. A flock of sheep is an indispensable necessary in the midst of an extensive wilderness, where clothing is found without them to be "dear-bought and far-fetched" in truth; and, despite the hazard, the settlers generally conclude to have one. Now, the wolf, in the course of his midnight peregrinations, happening to espy a goodly number of the aforesaid sheep, scattered around our small log cabin, is not slow in drawing the rational conclusion that the owner has more of that sort of property than he knows what to do with, and very kindly proposes to ease him of a part of his burden. Aside from the benevolence of the thing, it is well-known that the wolf has always claimed a natural and unalienable right, interest and propriety, in a share of all such goods, wares and merchandise. It will not surprise any one who is aware that it is his invariable practice to divide the property himself, to learn that his wolf-ship takes good care not to come off second best with regard to "the spoils;" nor to hear further that the raising of sheep does not progress with remarkable rapidity under the influence of this beautiful system of agrarianism. Many a farmer who has been toiling with might and main for some ten or fifteen years to make an "opening" in the woods, and who has at last "just begun to live," as they say, has been greeted, on going out of door—(not *doors*—the best have but one,) in the morning, by the sight of the miscellaneous fragments of his flock, lying odds-and ends, shreds and patches, heads and legs, in "most admired disorder," within forty rods of his dwelling; and after being two or three times served in this way, he is obliged to give over the undertaking till the destruction of the surrounding forests, and consequent dispersion of the wolves, shall enable him to resume it with some chance of success.

It will easily be seen that the extirpation of these marauders, so hard to catch and so utterly good for nothing (in themselves) when you have caught them, is a matter of no small difficulty. To surround them (as is often done in New-England, and old settlements generally,) is a thing not be thought of; to pursue them in person is a touch above a wild goose chase, and the stoutest dogs, if sent after them, would be much, more likely to catch a Tartar than a wolf. Indeed, were it not for the inducement which legislative bounties hold out to hardy sportsmen to engage in bright earnest in the business of destroying them, they would in some mountainous districts of the west, manage matters pretty much in their own way. But the bounty is such as to lead some to make a regular business of exterminating them—and this is effected in this manner.

The hunter having provided himself with as many of the very strongest (or, as they say, *smartest*) steel-traps as he can procure, amounting often to fifty or upwards, shoulders his trusty rifle, with a good store of ammunition thereunto pertaining—and plunges into the most completely dark, dreary and unfrequented swamps which are to be found. Here his first care is to provide himself with the carcase of a fine deer, which is alone to afford sustenance for himself, as well as to lead into temptation his subtle and wary game. He now with a load of traps on his shoulder, and a supply of venison in his hand, betakes himself to some inconsiderable streamlet or "creek" whose waters are so shallow that they would hardly reach the top of a lady's prunella.—and there carelessly casts in a piece of his venison. At a distance of a couple of feet or so from this, (also in the middle of the stream,) he forms a dry stepping-place, with sticks, moss, &c. at a further distance of two feet from this he makes another similar stepping-place, but wo to the luckless wolf that ventures his toes thereupon—there is a *trap* under it, in whose spiteful jaws there is indeed "no mistake;" carrying out the deception, the trapper now makes another real stepping-place at a like distance from the false one; and then finishes the whole by throwing another piece of venison in the water; thus placing the five parts of his "system" in a direct line from each other, all in the middle of the stream, and with a space of two feet, (or just a clever step between each. Lastly, he contrives to throw over the whole an appearance of antiquity, and removes every trace of his visit; and then leaves it to set about another. By this process, the wolf, with all his caution and cunning is often completely "sucked in!" He smells the delicious repast at a great distance, and very naturally begin immediately to make his approaches; and, on finding a portion of his favorite fare before him he dispatches it without ceremony. His next impulse is to "look around for more;" and lo! just a few steps above or below, (as the case may be,) he spies another portion of the savory food, looking of course much larger and better than the first; and saying, as plain as good venison can say, "come eat me;" and there are three clever steps which nature(!) has kindly provided to enable him to reach it without wetting his feet? was ever any thing so convenient? He steps cautiously on the first; for he cannot repress a slight misgiving that all this is a little *too* handy to be the result of accident; but it bears him firmly up, and he springs eagerly forward to clutch the dainty prize—when, presto! he feels a crack about his *shin* that makes all rings again; and in a trice he finds himself scratching gravel as hard as three legs will allow him, (the other being "sole cause of all his woe," most positively in *quod*)—yet with all his energy making very little headway. The wily hunter has taken care to fasten his trap to something, which he can draw and but just draw—well knowing that if he were held fast, he would dissolve partnership with his unlucky leg by the use of his teeth, and take himself off as fast as the odd three would carry him. But here he remains dragging his establishment after him, perchance at the rate of a foot an hour, till the arrival of the hunter, who dispatches the business and the wolf with a crack of his rifle.

From Bell's Life in London.

Mr. Halford's beagles met on Tuesday week at Mr. Oldham's farm, where they soon found a hare, which led them for at least twenty minutes at a good pace over the Cubbington Hills, where Puss doubled back, and fairly tricked her pursuers. The veteran master of the pack, on his prime little brown mare, soon got up, and after making several attempts to recover the scent, a gallant fox jumped up from a stubble cock in view of this extraordinary little patch, which stuck well to him for an hour and a quarter. The latter part of the run was perhaps the most beautiful specimen of hunting ever seen; Puggy not being able to get one fieldsbread of her pursuers for the last twenty minutes of the chace. He first took a ring round Campion Hills, and then bent down to the river Leam, through Miss Walker's Plantston at Newbold, to the gardens in Clarendon-street, where he was headed back by some workmen. He then returned to the river crossed the Newbold Mill to the Rungills, one of Mrs. Knightley's covers at Cubbington, which he skirted, and bore back for Lillipultian village. There reynard was again headed towards Cubbington; where he passed over the Vicara e farm, leaving the village to the right; after crossing the Rugby road, he made straight for the Glass House Plantation at Southeigh, which he entered a few yards before the hounds. Here a hare suddenly crossing them in view, reynard escaped, to commit further depredations among the poultry of our agricultural friends at Cubbington; and probably to afford a capital days sport for the Warwickshire hounds. This run was allowed by many sporting gentlemen to be the best they had ever seen with so small a pack.

THE BRIGHTON HARRIERS.—The meeting with the subscription harriers at the Dyke was of a gay complexion on Friday week, involving upwards of fifty horsemen. An excellent chace of thirty minutes and a death constituted the opening diversion. The second struggle was of no ordinary character. The hare took from the Dyke to Barnscombe, thence to Northhawth and Sedlescombe, up the hill through Newinhurst holt, crossing the London road at its opposite extremity by Dale gate, thence measuring the slope of the mount to above Danny, and away for Clayton Hill, where the fleet animal was headed back, passing the Plough to Northhawth, near which, after the sharpest run for an hour the season has afforded, puss fell a victim to her staunch pursuers. *B.*

PRAIRIE FISHING.

The Attakapas country, like most of Louisiana, has, at no very remote period, formed part of the Gulf of Mexico. Even now, since it is reclaimed from the ocean, its prairies appear somewhat amphibious, being part of the year under water.

A southern gentleman of high respectability relates a method of fishing in those prairies, which, to us of the north, has at least the appearance of novelty. He states that by digging down two or three feet deep, in any of those wet prairies, in the summer when they are dry, water is readily found; and by dropping in a hook baited with a worm, or frog, or other bait commonly used in fishing, you are sure to catch fish. He says this is a solemn fact—that he can prove it by many persons, and he thanks no man for disbelieving it.—*Sport Mag.*

THE COCKNEY ANGLER'S LAMENT

AFTER HIS DAYS PUNT-HUNTING.

I went down by "The Angler" to Ditton—
A coach very much to my liking.
'Tis convenient and pleasant to sit on
And I found all the views very striking.

Three shillings I paid for my ride,
And two shillings more for my breakfast;
But the money, thinks I, I don't mind,
If the fish on my hook I but take fast.

Then a punt was the next thing I wanted,
Six and six pence a day, too, the price;
A man to attend me was granted,
And I thought I should get on *so nicely*.

But I found that the chap must be kept
With the best of good eating and drinking:
I confess I could almost have wept
To see how my money was shrinking.

For full half a crown's worth he took,
And then charged a shilling for baits,
Which were all that I found on my hook—
And such sort of sport, sir, *I hates*.

At length, after bobbing and bobbing,
In the best of all beautiful holes,
With my heart and my pulses all throbbing,
Expecting some Turbot or Soles;

I caught what to me seemed a Sprat,
But the punt-man he called it a Bleak;
And the devil a fish besides that
Chose to hang on my hook by his beak.

They talk'd about Barbel as big
As my leg, and a precious deal bigger,
And assured me on some other day
I should not cut so foolish a figure:

But the *Barbell* I found most annoying
Was that which I rang for my call,
As my time and my cash thus employing
Did by no means accord with my will.

For when by "The Angler" return'd,
And fairly ensconced in the City,
My expences were not to be spurn'd,
Though on paper they look'd *very pretty*:

For at least thirty shillings I spent,
In the hope to bring up a good dish;
But now I regret that I went,
And shall henceforth call Bleak *my dear fish*.

Farewell to the deep deeps of Ditton!
Farewell to the punt-man as deep!
To the coach that's so pleasant to sit on!—
The thoughts of ye all make me weep!

English Sporting Magazine. J. M. LACEY

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE.

☞ *The Spring Races* over the Centreville Trotting Course, will commence on Tuesday the 8th of May, and continue two days.

First day—At 1 o'clock, three mile heats, under the saddle, carrying 115 lbs. Purse $300
At 3 o'clock, a match race for 500
Second day—At 1 o'clock, three mile heats in harness, carrying 115 lbs. Purse 200
At 3 o'clock, two mile heats under the saddle; free for trotters, pacers, and amblers, carrying 115 lbs. Purse 200
The riders to be dressed in Jockey Style.
By order of the President.

BALTIMORE RACES.

OVER THE CENTRAL COURSE.—Spring meeting, 1832, will commence on the last Tuesday in May, (29th) and continue four days.

First day—First race, (to start at 12 o'clock precisely,) a sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old; mile heats; entrance $100, half forfeit,—four or more to make a race. Seven subscribers, and closed.

Second race, a post sweepstakes with colts and fillies, three years old; mile heats; entrance $200, p. p.—four or more to make a race. To close 1st May; three subscribers.

Second day, a post sweepstakes for all ages; entrance $200 p. p.—four mile heats;—four or more to make a race; the proprietor to add $500. To close 1st May; four subscribers.

Third day, proprietor's purse, $500; three mile heats; entrance $20.

Fourth day, jockey club purse, $1000; four mile heats; entrance $25.

A LADIES' CUP will also be run for; the day to be fixed hereafter.

J. M. SELLERS.

☞ It will be seen by the above that the post sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, $200 p. p. will close on the 1st of *next month*. We have little doubt but there will be five or six subscribers, and the purse, in this case, not less than $1000. The post sweepstakes for all ages $200 p. p. will close also on the 1st of next month, (May.) The purse in that case amounts already to $1500.—*Turf Reg.*

COURSING IN ENGLAND.—To such a degree has coursing become a favorite amusement in England that more than twelve pages of a late number of the English Sporting Magazine, in small type, is taken up with the accounts of "Coursing Meetings." There are a great variety of stakes at one place for dog puppies, at another for bitch puppies, and amongst others a "The Large Plate," which we copy as a specimen. Miss Vyse's hare Archer beat Lady Sykes's Fly; Mrs. Peckham's Blush beat Mrs. Edward's Harpour; Mrs. Loftus' Red beat Mrs. Marcous's Sweep; Lady Clark's Oyster beat Lady C. Townsend's Souvenir; Mrs. Hornsby's silk and white Bellebone by Hawkeye, out of Helen, beat Mrs. Brockhurst's b. f. Adelaide, by Rector, out of Lavinia. *B.*

STEEPLE CHASE.—A steeple chase was run over Lord Howth's course, near Dublin, on Thursday. Six horses started, two past forfeit. It was heats over a mile course, four leaps in the run. At the second leap two horses fell, two bolted. This heat was won easily by Capt. Green, who came to the goal in prime style. Four only started for the second heat; two fell, and one of the riders was severely injured by the fall. The other regained his seat, and came safe with Captain Rudy and Green, and finally won the heat. The two gentlemen above named fell at the last leap but one. The other fell upon his head, and was the course; severely stunned. The Surgeon General was at hand, and rendered him every assistance in his power. He was conveyed to the Castle in a dangerous state, and with the other three who had been hurt, were treated with every possible care and attention by that kind hearted Noble man, Earl Howth. As there remained no one to contest the third race, the gentleman who won the last heat was declared the victor.—*Bell's Life in London.*

THE LATE STEEPLE CHASE.—We understand that Creeper, the winner of the sweepstakes did not fall into Hog Brook, as has been currently reported, but cleared the stream in capital style; nor was he disqualified by reason of passing over the bridge near Mr. Bradley's farm-house at Chesterton, inasmuch as he cleared the hurdle fence placed across it. *B.*

COURSING.—On Wednesday week, P. L. Holycake, Esq. of Stanley Castle, invited his respectable tenantry, and some of his other neighbours, to the enjoyment of a day's coursing over his estates. They had plenty of good sport, and killed about nine hares. One course in particular, afforded much diversion; a brace of good dogs were well laid in to a fine stout hare, in a meadow of forty acres; it was a desperate trial of speed and strength, and the dogs turned their game eight or ten times before one could get out of the meadow. At length she made through a fence into another ground, and was making her way triumphantly to cover, when a crack dog unfortunately broke loose, dashed at her with all his might, and rolled her down within a few yards of her cover. This accident was regretted by every friend of fair play and good sport in the field. The company (about forty) afterwards partook of an elegant and substantial dinner at the mansion of their worthy and liberal landlord, where they passed a merry, social and happy evening. Having at heartily drank plentifully, and enjoyed themselves rationally, the whole returned home highly gratified with their kind and hospitable reception. *B.*

SILVER TANKARD AND COVER.—On Wednesday, the Handicapped Match for the above prize, which we announced in our paper of last week, took place. Twelve gentlemen contended for it; the distance twenty five yards, with the five traps. At the fourth round Messrs. Taylor, Chappel, and W. H. tied—each scoring eight. At the end of the match Mr. Taylor was the winner, he scoring 9 in out of twelve, and Mr. W. H. and Mr. Chappel eight each.

A match for ten pounds then followed between Mr. Taylor and Mr. E., the latter receiving three dead birds out of twelve. At the sixth round Mr. E. was the favorite at five to four; but Mr. Taylor won by a bird; the distance from the shifter 21 yards.

A sweepstakes of eight subscribers, one sovereign each, concluded the day's sport; distance twenty-one yards, at five pigeons each. Mr. Gaynor was the winner, by scoring all his birds. *B.*

Musical Instruments, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from the Brig Laura, two cases of Music and Musical Instruments, consisting of Violins, bound with Ivory, and Patent Screws; Violin Bows, inlaid with Pearl and Silver, of superior workmanship; beautiful Guitars, with Machine Screws, inlaid with Pearl; Violin Pegs, do extra fine, with Ebony and Pearl tops, do Tail Pieces, do Bridges, Violin Strings, Military Instruments, consisting of Concert Horns, with E. G. and B pair of Crooks, Trumpets, Bass and Tenor Trombones, Bass Horns, also a new and beautiful instrument named the Bugle-adore, with twelve keys.

Also, Music for the Flute and Flute; Duetts for two Flutes; Overtures for two Flutes; Operas for two Violins, &c. for two Violins and Bass Viol; Guitar Music; Trios for Flutes, &c.

Also on hand, a large assortment of Instruments of his own manufacture; Splendid Eight-keyed Flutes, Clarionets, Double and Single Flageolets, and Accordions. The Accordion is played upon by the hand, with a little motion, and emits most beautiful sounds. The above articles can be had on the most liberal terms, at the store of

C. G. CHRISTMAN, 298 Pearl-street.

A Card---Exchange.

☞ Editors with whom we exchange will oblige us by inserting the following Card in their papers a few weeks. Country Editors can have *Foreign Newspapers* sent them gratis from this Office, by expressing their wish in addition to our own, by publishing the following programme.

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STEAM SCOURER, 80 CEDAR STREET, ONE DOOR FROM BROADWAY.

WHERE he respectfully informs his friends and the public, he continues to *Dye, scour and repair Clothes* at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. New colors, cuffs and buttons, neatly put on coats.

Orders punctually attended to in any part of the city. Cash given for cast-off clothes. jl4

NOTICE.

ROBERT S. CASSAT & BENJAMIN HUTCHISON have associated themselves together, under the firm of *CASSAT & HUTCHISON*, for the purpose of transacting a general

Commission & Forwarding Business,

in this city.—They have taken the warehouse No 8 Market, a few doors from Water street, recently occupied by Messrs. James Adams, jr. & Co. where they have now on hand, and intend constantly to keep, a complete assortment of

Groceries,

together with all kinds of PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURED ARTICLES, which they offer for sale on the most liberal terms.

Pittsburgh, Jan. 6, 1832.

S. D. CHILDS,

Engraver on Wood, 175, Broadway,
NEW-YORK.

J. Taylor.

FANCY BALL DRESS-MAKER
No. 36 BOWERY.
Costume of every Nation ready for Sale or Hire

H. RAHN,

FASHIONABLE HAIRCUTTER,
13 OLD SLIP

Marble.

H. CLINTON PAGE, continues to supply orders for MARBLE WORK at his former stand, 132 Division street, New York such as Gravestones, tombs, Cenotaphs, and Funereal Monuments, of every description, executed to order with elegance and despatch.

N.B.—H. C. P. *feels* his former practice for the Jew burying ground in Montreal, will be able to execute inscriptions in the Hebrew letter with greater facility and in a style superior to any of the trade in the city. dec 10

Commission and Exchange OFFICE,

130 BROADWAY.

S. J. SYLVESTER continues to discount Notes on all the Banks throughout the United States, the Canadas, England, Ireland. He purchases and sells Bank of England Notes, as also Gold and Silver of all Nations, Drafts, &c. payable in any part of the Europe, collected on most reasonable commission business in all its branches, by

S. J. SYLVESTER.

New Book Establishment.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs Western Merchants, that he has opened a Book Store on an extensive scale in Pittsburg, Pa. and has made such arrangements with the Eastern publishers as will enable him to sell at the lowest cash prices and 25 per cent. cheaper than any other house in the Western country—Letter, writing paper and *Playing cards* in every variety.

☞ RAGS in quantities taken in Exchange at the highest market price.

Orders directed to S. J. Sylvester Pittsburg Pa. will meet prompt attention.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N. Y.

N.B. All the FOREIGN and AMERICAN Periodicals can be obtained at the Pittsburgh Store.

Robert H. Elton,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 137 DIVISION-ST.
NEW-YORK.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10tf

TO PRINTERS.

A. PELL & BROTHER,

LATE WM. HAGAR & CO.,

HAVE removed their Type and Stereotype Foundry to No. 26 Gold street, corner of John street, New-York, and having greatly enlarged their premises, are prepared to execute orders with great despatch. All articles required by Printers furnished to order at the manufacturer's prices; Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases, &c. constantly on hand.

They have complete series of Fonts, from Pica to Diamond, of a light face and beautiful cut, which they offer with great confidence, as being very superior articles. The following are their prices (uniform with other Foundries) at 6 months credit or 7 1-2 per cent. discount for cash:

	Per lb.
Six Line Pica, and all larger,	28 cts
Cannon to Six Line Pica,	30
Double English to Double Paragon,	32
Great Primer to Double Pica,	34
English and Pica,	36
Long Primer,	40
Bourgeoise,	46
Brevier,	56
Minion,	70
Nonpareil,	90
Agate,	1.16
Pearl,	1.40
Diamond,	2.00

All other articles of the Type Foundry, in proportion.

☞ A. PELL & BROTHER cast their book and newspaper fonts of a metal much lighter than that commonly in use, and which they will warrant much more durable.

A. P. & B. are Agents for the sale of the "Smith's Press," manufactured by R. Hoe & Co. and for the "Washington Press," invented by Rust.

The following are the prices at 6 months credit:

Medium or Royal, $230. Super Royal, $240. Imperial, $250. do No. 2, $260. No. 3, $275.

New-York, Jan. 20th, 1832.

DENTIST

Dr. I. Francis,

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession, from the setting of a single tooth to a full set. He cleans, divides, and fills hollow teeth in the neatest manner; and warrants his *Antiodontalgic Wash*, as completely efficacious in curing the diseases of the gums, fastening loose teeth, preserving the teeth that are carious from further decay; and is a certain cure for the tooth ache. His *Tyre Metallic Incorruptible Teeth* are a real imitation of nature; and having passed the ordeal of fire in making them, they do not absorb the saliva so as to become offensive either to the taste or smell; no particle of food can adhere to them, so the breath remains sweet. The incorruptible teeth retain color, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty not surpassed by any. He also sets *Artificial Human Eyes* which cannot be distinguished from real, and will perform every motion of the eye, without giving the slightest pain. Those wishing to honor him with their commands, will find his charges moderate. The poor attended to every morning, from 7 to 8 o'clock, gratis. dec 24 1

TEMPERANCE HOUSE OF REFRESHMENTS, AND READING ROOM.

THE subscriber returns his sincere thanks for the encouragement he has met with, since his commencement. He now informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken and neatly fitted up the whole of the basement story in the FRANKLIN BUILDINGS, *corner of Ann and Nassau streets*, in a manner which enables him to accommodate any number, and hopes by his endeavors to give satisfaction to merit a continuance of their patronage. Refreshments of all kinds excepting inebriating liquors from sun-rise to 10 o'clock in the evening.

H. PATTINSON.

N. B. Most of the city papers are received and kept on file. m. 10, 1831

DENTIST

Dr. S. BAKER & SONS,

SURGEON DENTISTS, 177 Broadway, a few doors from Courtlandt St. New-York, respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession, from the setting of a single tooth to a full set of the best kind of teeth of every description. He also cleans, divides and fills hollow teeth and extracts in the best and most careful manner. All teeth shall be set with the greatest care and ease to the patient, and his charges shall be moderate. He also makes and has on hand the best of POWDER and a reasonable price, and if it do not suit, after a person has tried it once with warm water at night, they are at liberty to return it, and receive their money For a dentist to advise people respecting their teeth is very difficult; for many directly think that he advises for his own good, and not for the good of their teeth; and in this way, and by neglect of parents, thousands of young people's teeth begin to rot before they know it.

We shall be happy to wait upon those ladies and gentlemen who desire our attendance at their respective dwellings.

New York, February 1, 1832.

Notice to Printers.

THE long and extensive use having tested and established the superiority of my Machine Cast Type over that cast by hand, I beg leave to call your attention to the following remarks:—

By the aid of a forcing pump, applied at the instant of forming the letter, the metal is compressed and rendered much more compact at the *letter end* of the type than when cast by hand. The air in the mould, by this process, is driven from the letter to the foot end of the type, and finding no way of escape, the mouth being closed, it there occupies a portion of the space in the mould, which otherwise would (as in hand casting) be filled with metal; thereby forming cavities within the stems, by which the weight of the type is diminished 10 to 12 per cent below that cast by hand, yet leaving the shank of the type abundantly strong. My recent improvement in the composition of type metal, with the advantages before named, gives a durability to type cast by this process, not attainable by the ordinary mode of casting. To my former extensive variety, has recently been added a series of much admired *Light Face'd Type*.

Your orders are respectfully solicited by
Your obedient servant, E. WHITE,
m 21. No. 108 Pearl Street.

BRUCE'S
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ESTABLISHED in 1813.—The subscriber has completed a new edition of his book of Specimens, with which his customers, and other printers disposed to buy from him, may be supplied on application at his Foundry, Nos. 18 and 20 Augustus street behind the City Hall. He would remark, for the information of those who have not been in the habit of dealing with him, and because a different practice has been extensively introduced, that his book contains nothing but the actual productions of his own Foundry, and presents a true specimen of what will be furnished to orders. The assortment is very complete, has been delineately and carefully in twenty years brought to its present high state of perfection, and embraces a variety of styles adapted to different tastes and to the various departments of printing, Newspaper, Book, and Job, highly finished, and cost of the most serviceable metal. Not to notice the varieties which are distinguished by their numbers in the Book, it contains of ROMAN and ITALICK, 27 sizes' from 12 line Pica to Pearl.

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GEORGE BRUCE.

New-York, Jan 28, 1832.

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